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Vol. CXXV. No. 1638

THE SPHERE, JUNE 13, 1931
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE."

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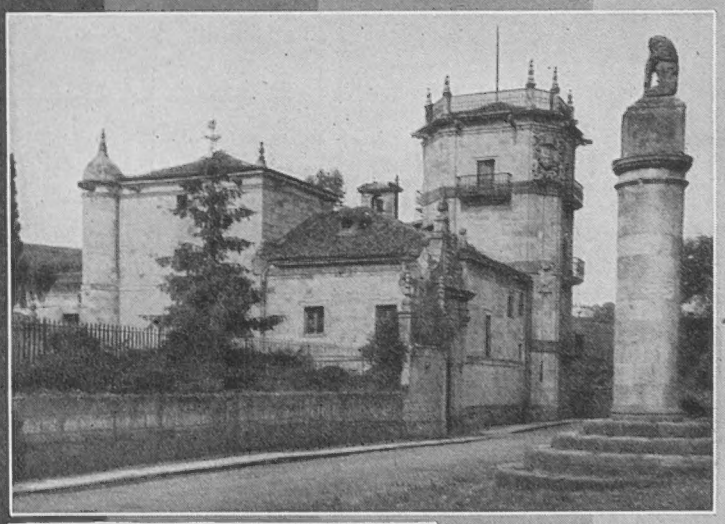
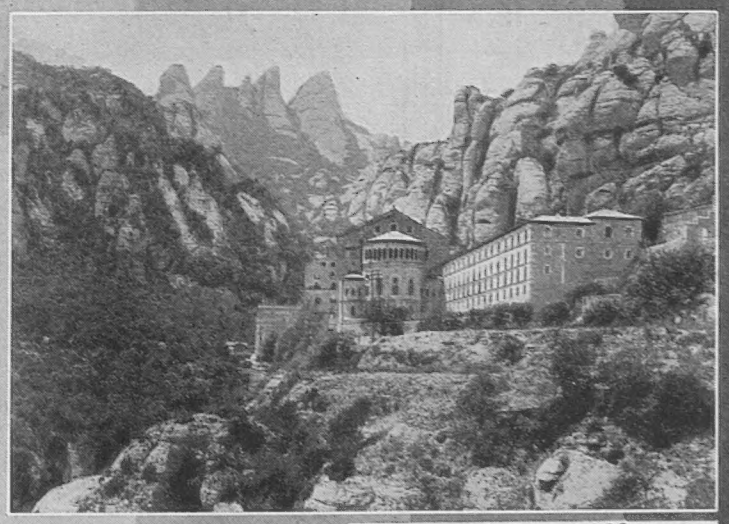


Pámanes (Santander). The Elsedo Palace



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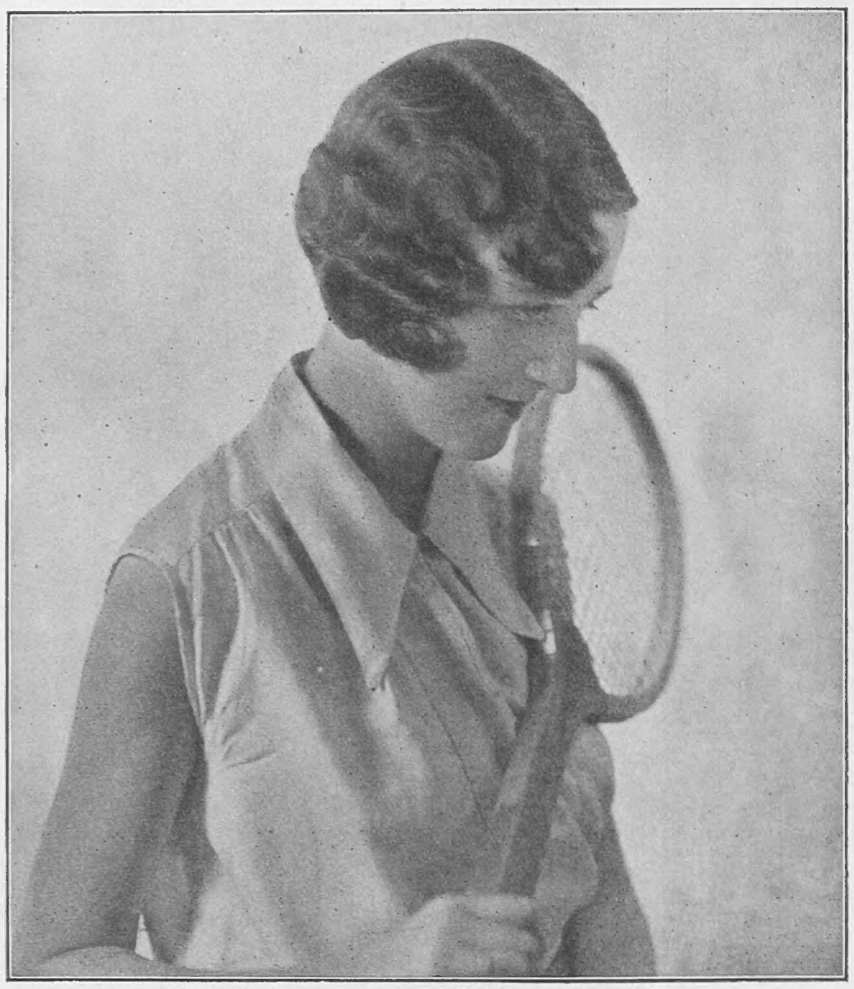

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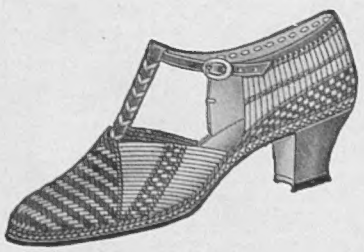

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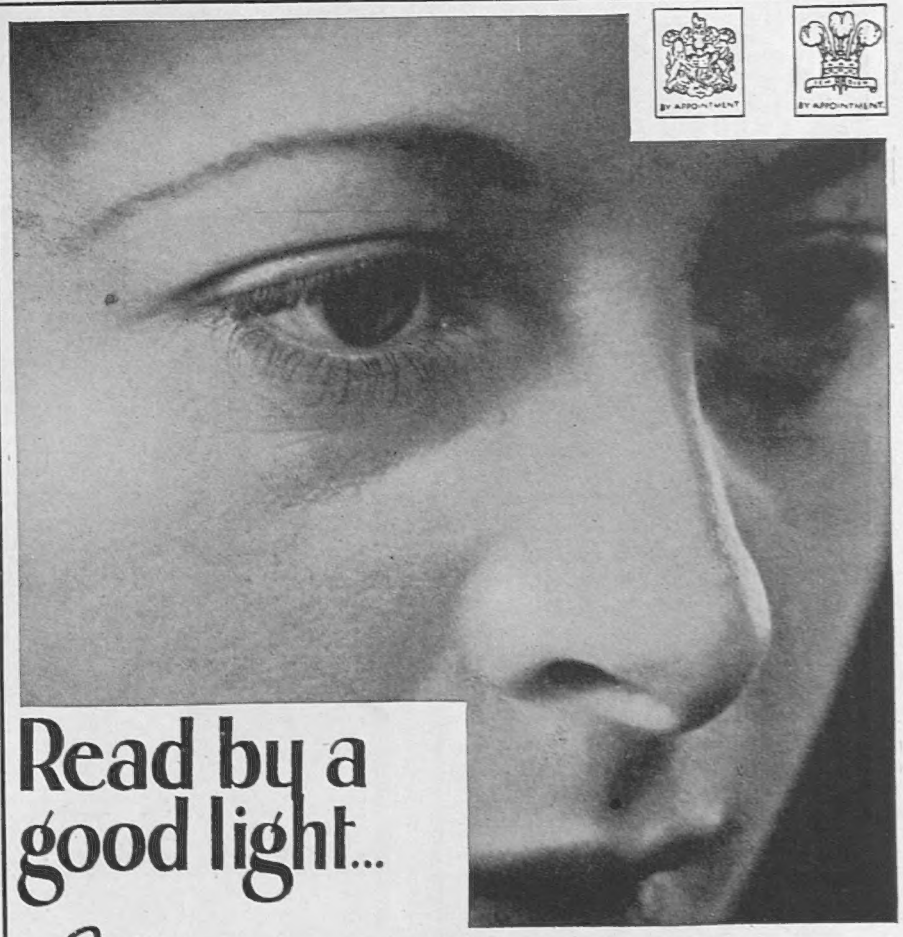

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☛ *Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of* "Facktative" *have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to* **THE FACKTATIVE Co. (Suite 91), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1,** *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly | Volume CXXV No. 1638 | Price One Shilling, Postage {Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d., Foreign, 3½d.} | London, June 13, 1931

"DISCOVERY II" AMID ANTARCTIC ICE

One of the Astounding Pictures Just Brought Back by the Research Ship

Another successful voyage in the South Atlantic and Antarctic has just been completed by this historic vessel of Scott and Shackleton memory. She has surveyed many areas, including most notably the South Sandwich Islands. Running surveys have also been made of Bouvet Island, the South Shetlands, and the South Orkneys

A London Newsletter

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 10, 1931.

The Interim Report. — It is an accepted truth in our politics to-day that the larger proportion of Royal Commissions are appointed to postpone an unpleasant reckoning, to save the face of a Government or to enlarge the field of responsibility for bringing about an unpalatable reform. The Commission on Unemployment was set up to achieve all three of these objects. The day of reckoning may be postponed but never can be abolished, and both the Government and its Liberal allies are utterly estopped in public opinion from dissociating themselves from the urgent action now demanded by their Commission's findings. Let us never forget that the greatest bombshell of the year burst during the early days of this Commission—the appalling warnings given by Sir R. Hopkins and Sir A. Watson, the Government Actuary. Mr. MacDonald must now and at once "put the insurance fund on an insurance basis," or be branded a coward or an equivocator or both. He must now declare himself either the leader of an honest and impartial Government or the slave and creature of the trade unions and of the irresponsibles. The majority scheme disclosed in the "interim" is materially and broadly unanimous enough for immediate action. It proposes to save £32,000,000 by limiting the insurance period to twenty-six weeks, by increasing contributions by 2d. from the worker, 1d. from employer, and a fair increase costing £1,500,000 from the Exchequer. The scheme reduces the cost of transitional benefit by £10,000,000 by means of cutting down and tightening up and abolishing one or two of the more scandalous abuses. If the irresponsibles growl at the severity of the Commission's pruning, let them remember that the benefit rates that will remain are higher than those in force three, four, and five years ago when our credit stood at a safe distance from the crater's mouth. And let them add this: in the sad history of Royal Commissions never was there a Commission so exclusively composed of men by nature and by their business experience so sympathetic to the classes who may seem to suffer by the enforcement of its findings. You asked for it, Mr. MacDonald. Tu l'as voulu, George—Blondin!

This Picture and That.—It was inevitable, last week, that one should be suddenly struck by the contrast between the apparent and the real state of England. By every visible sign a care-free nation, prosperous and happy in a blessed, warm, and brightly-coloured land, held the high revels which peace and prosperity justify. It was a week of dazzling festivals, brilliant shows, glittering prizes, not for the "idle rich" but specially catering for the masses. Thousands of working folk, who pay no income tax, were celebrating fortune's sudden smile; thousands of men and women on the dole travelled down to Epsom in magnificent motor vehicles which would have amazed and delighted King Edward VII. Even for the bedridden and the cripple, the thrill of the moment was brought palpitating to their pillows. It was a national carnival of light and colour and fun and excitement, and all the countryside was as warm and smiling and brilliant as ever was Dream Island in the South Seas. If there was among us a visitor from Mars, he returned home with a pretty story to make the Martians turn yellow with envy. These people, he said, lie laughing in the Asphodel and grow fat. They know no care, no pain, no sorrow. "The truth about the Earth," "the truth about Russia"—it is not so easy to get at the truth on a tourist return ticket. Fancy if he had come a month ago. Fancy if he should come at the end of this year. Let us draw no disagreeable moral. Let us rather be thankful for summer's *mi-carême*. We have quite enough of grey skies and fog before and behind us.

The Greatest Number. — While English M.P.'s were watching the favourite win on Epsom Downs, Scottish members, mostly Liberal, were pressing on the Lord Advocate in the House the claims of the Moray Firth fishermen. A Scottish by-law forbids trawling in the Firth. This by-law is rigorously enforced against our native trawlers, but any foreigner can trawl the livelong day and night, smashing up the tackle of native line fishermen. This injustice has worried Morayshire for a long time. Is it to be put right? By no means. If we enforce the by-law against foreigners, said the Lord Advocate, British fishermen generally who ply in foreign waters may suffer. Therefore the Moray fishermen must suffer an acknowledged injustice for the good of British fishing as a whole. This decision is not likely to increase the popularity of the Labour Government in, say, Lossiemouth. For, all the world over politics spell pockets, and politics are parochial. Of course, all legislative progress nowadays is in the form of a compromise, and justice is bound to be diluted to provide a beverage acceptable to the greatest number. And we hear on all sides the curses of outraged minorities. We hear them from the motor-cyclist turned off the downs, from the owner of a private park dispossessed of a 400-year-old amenity to provide a public speed-way, from the shopkeeper whose customers are barred from his shop by traffic regulations, from the motor-coach owner whose private enterprise is curtailed. . . . It's not easy to please everybody to-day. But then, it never was.

The Fourth.—It is always a miracle that anything can be so lovely as Eton and Windsor on a fine day in early June. A parallel case is Warwickshire on a lovely May day. The Merry Wives and their creator had much to be thankful for. I enjoy the Fourth at Eton. It is so very English—not British. It is, although Eton has been immensely democratized since my youth, so very nineteenth century. When the trees are in full leaf you get that cloistered, privileged atmosphere as strong as ever; the cricket, except the Lowndes' brand, proceeds as slowly and as relentlessly as if indeed Time stood still for the sons of the noblemen and gentry. Indeed, one's only realization of the passage of time is the sudden shock of seeing the fair débutantes with whom he was in love only yesterday, walking arm in arm with six-footers who call them "Mother." And the procession of boats—enlivened by a "man overboard"—moves as deliberately as ever, the admirals and midshipmen are as little in touch with the growling world of realities as you could wish, and the fireworks are quite the most expensive you can buy. The shadows fall longer from the trees and the towers, the dew falls damper, the longest day in all the year (for Etonian parents and guardians) draws at last to an end with a set-piece of incredible magnificence, and the shambles of the Great West Road opens out menacing and darkling.

Birthday Honours.—There were no fireworks in the Birthday Honours. The Premier, having declared war on the Upper House, decided that it were unseemly to push any more of his supporters on to the branch which he is preparing to saw off. The fewer Labour men in the House, the more glaring seems the anomaly of the institution. It was difficult to extract any gems from the 14 ft. of closely printed columns of names of those whom the King delighted to honour. (Except myself, is there any one who did not figure in some list last week, who has not basked in the smiles of Fortune or Royalty? If so, I should like to get in touch with that person and mingle my tears with his.) Sybil Thorndike becomes a D.B.E., Mr. Albert Mansbridge a C.H., and Mr. Ben Turner gets the well-merited knighthood of the Round Table or Green Cloth; the order which is conferred on "damned merit" alone goes to Sir William Bragg. Those whose obvious claims have surprisingly been passed over must kick their heels till January, 1932. Jack Hobbs's name (despite inspired rumours) is "conspicuous by its absence." A Hobbs there is, but he wields a pen and not a bat and executes his late cut in the Estate Duty Department of Somerset House.

O Liberty!—Toscanini, the well-known conductor, is not enthusiastic about the Fascist régime. So, shunning politics, he sticks to his own business and lives much in America, returning to Italy to look up occasionally his friends and relations. During his latest visit home, he was invited to conduct two concerts at Bologna to the memory of Martucci, the composer, a friend of his. He agreed to do so, without fee, on the condition that only the works of the dead composer should be in the programme. Shortly before the first concert he was told that the local Fascists would insist that Toscanini should play the Fascist hymn, "Giovanezza." He said definitely he would not play it. So the local Fascists imprisoned the audience in the theatre, caught Toscanini and beat him with sticks. With the aid of the police he reached his home at Milan where he was a prisoner. His papers were scrutinized, his passport removed, and he was subjected to all the trials of a political suspect, deprived of all liberty of action.

Stragglers of '15.—The Waterloo Ball, which is shortly coming off, under the apt patronage of Lady Douro, is to have as its setting a replica of the Duchess of Richmond's famous ballroom in Brussels. I fear this ideal may be hard to attain. The famous ball on June 15, 1815, was held in a barn, and no living person has the smallest idea to-day where that barn stood in Brussels—a curious example of the way things are forgotten. (Compare the still more curious fact that no one knows where Sir William Harcourt was born.) A famous link with Waterloo died lately in his hundredth year. This was Mr. Ernest Noel, friend of Gladstone and son-in-law of that Lord Albemarle who fought at Waterloo at the age of sixteen, and "only the other day" gave one of his famous Waterloo parties in old Dorchester House. Mr. Noel married Lady Augusta Keppell, the author of *From Generation to Generation*, a book which I assisted Messrs. Elkin Mathews and Marrot to revive in their *Rescue Series*. When the book was in the press I corresponded with Mr. Noel and found his memory sound and his judgment valuable at the advanced age of ninety-eight. Lady Augusta's sister, Lady Louisa Charteris, is only recently dead. A couple of years ago she and her brother-in-law formed our most important link with Waterloo.

THE GERMAN VISIT: Herr Curtius and Herr Bruening with the Mayor of Southampton who greeted them on their arrival in England to discuss the possibility of lightening the German financial burden with the Prime Minister at Chequers

An Interesting Week-End.—There was plenty to talk about during the week-end. One felt it was doubtful if the German visitors would ever penetrate our carnival disguise and get a sight of the skeleton it clothes. Derby week and all its thrills, the Fourth, Trooping the Colour, the Open with its solid van of no fewer than seven overseas players, the cricket history made by Lyon and (don't forget) Greenwood, which is excellent so long as county captains do not now begin a stunt competition with the ancient game, Scott's new flying record, and finally the earthquake. These are our surface currents. Below the stream runs strong and muddy, and no man knows what the day may bring forth in any sphere of our social life. A general election, a war scare, a boom, a strike?

The Earthquake.—And then—the earthquake! In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries we took these things (very properly) as evidence of Divine anger at our sinfulness. The sharp fellow always exploited the superstitious terrors of the public in those days, and fortunes were made by quacks from "pills good against the earthquake" and other infallible charms. But I saw nothing unusual in chemists' windows as I came up to London. The earthquake was a record in one sense, it was the most widespread ever recorded here. But it did practically no harm at all, and though there was a mild panic in the north, it all "passed off quietly." In the Haslemere area where I spent the week-end, one person was awakened, and felt the quaking of the house and noises as if persons were moving carelessly about the rooms and passages. Alas, I slept through it and had no special warning! So I expect did my near neighbours, Mr. Lloyd George at Churt, Mr. Snowden at Tilford, Lord Passfield at Passfield, Lord Marley at Marley, and Lord Ponsonby at Shulebrede. You would have expected us to be the epicentre, would you not?

Dirty Lawn. — The pawn in the Bishops' game is to return to his square—Mr. Simmonds is restored to the living of St. Aidan's, Small Heath, from which Bishop Barnes excluded him. In the Primate and the Bishop of Birmingham the Church has two of its strongest and most polished pillars. To both the epithet broadminded has been applied, and none ever questioned the sincerity of Bishop Barnes' views, any more than one questions his fine abilities. Yet a big proportion of sincere churchmen read with something akin to disgust the polite but pointed interchange of thrusts revealed in the published correspondence of these two dignitaries. We ask ourselves how can the Church succeed in regaining its lost place in our National life so long as it continues to advertise its internal disruption in the Press, and to present to its scattered flock the unedifying spectacle of two trusted shepherds wrangling over a matter of ritual. That the point at issue is of vital importance to scores of devout churchmen is not to be passed over. But it is only a single tree in the dark forest. It is hard on Dr. Lang whose handicaps are so many and so heavy.

These Voices.—England has heaped coals of fire on the head of America. America has sent us over the talkie voice. To that fell Oliver we replied with a gentler Roland. We sent her the voice of the Nightingale and there is reason to know that, while the bulk of American listeners mistook it for jazz without the pep, a small section of that great public appreciated those thrilling, liquid notes. It conjured up to them the tales their mothers told them of honeysuckle and scented hayfields, lanes, and little meadows, old Norman church towers, sweet briar, and thatched cottages, all warm and vague, all ebony and silver, under a great moon like a band box.

THE OLD STAGER.

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The LIGHTER SIDE *of* LIFE

THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN BALL: A general view of the 63rd annual function in aid of various Scottish charities. It was held with great success this year at Grosvenor House

EPSOM ON LADIES' DAY: The Misses Courage find the new broad-brimmed hats troublesome in the high wind that rendered Epsom something of a cave of Æolus on Ladies' Day—on which the classic for fillies, the Oaks, is run

"ARRESTED"! Lieut.-Commander Bett and Miss Laline Rich were "arrested" and handcuffed outside Battersea Church by warders of Wandsworth Prison of which Miss Rich's father is Governor

LADIES RUN ON LADIES' DAY: The scene at Epsom when a heavy shower caught the spectators on the Friday of Epsom Week. The great event of the day was of course, the Oaks, won by Miss Esmond's Brulette (C. Elliott, who also rode the winner of the French Oaks at Longchamps). Four Course (F. Fox) and Links Tor (R. A. Jones) were placed second and third. The prices were 7–2; 6–1; 10–1. Inset above in centre are seen the Hon. Mrs. Jenkinson and the Hon. Irene Cubitt during the great meeting

OVERHAUL: A scene at Croydon, where a huge Imperial Airways liner is undergoing inspection and tuning

FLYING *to* LONDON

An Impression of "the Daily Round, the Common Task," at Croydon—the Clapham Junction of the Air

By W. HOLT-WHITE

Croydon! The aerodrome—you know, the place from which you fly to Paris or the place to which you fly back from Paris. Just a field from which a 'plane goes up now and again, or down to which a 'plane comes now and again.

Sounds a bit dull? Don't you believe it. Hike with me to Croydon on a Saturday morning now that the season is in full swing and folks are hurrying to London from overseas by air. Then you'll find that it's got the Underground beat for bustle at the rush hour, and Brooklands licked to a frazzle for racket on a race day. Croydon stands for "By Air to Anywhere." It's the world's Clapham Junction of aerial transit. 'Planes that are taking men to India, 'planes that are bringing folk back from Russia, or Egypt, or Italy, or Sweden, or Belgium, or Afghanistan, or Africa—or taking them there—are coming and going with a pyrotechnic force and a disconcerting punctuality which suggest a perfectly controlled aeronautical kaleidoscope. If you can conceive the materialization of an aerial Bradshaw set to the murderous, the annihilating Z-Z-Z-Rugh-Z-Z-Z-Rugh of mammoth engines purring, as volcanic eruptions might purr, then you have got some faint conception of the breath of the gargantuan lungs of Croydon.

Speed—that is the keynote of everything at Croydon. Speed in everything—a speed almost inconceivable even to a racing motorist. Speed enters into the spirit of the thing from the moment that you are packed into the vast coach which carries the Imperial Airways' passengers from the Haymarket to Croydon.

The passengers are a curious and interesting collection. Three American girls. A lone German. Two obvious English honeymoon couples. A man who, in spite of his nebulous quietude—perhaps because of it—has "Foreign Office" written all over him. And the rest of the party are just—Englishwomen.

Why all these Englishwomen? That's another story which comes later.

. . . . . .

From the windows of the coach you can see floating things in the sky. The sky is thick with them. For a moment you think they are birds. But then the brakes take hold, the gravel grinds under the tyres. You're at Croydon. And you realize that all these floating things in the sky are aeroplanes.

. . . . . .

There are no leisurely railway methods at Croydon. A swarm of porters fling themselves on the baggage at the rear of the car. Urbane, but lightning-like officials have emptied the coach of its human freight. In single file the passengers are hurried past a Home Office official, who passes each one of them with a perfunctory nod. They are raced across the asphalt of the aerodrome and ushered, at top speed, into the waiting 'plane. A diminutive steward, looking rather like a jockey, packs them neatly into their places with the despatch and aplomb of a bar-tender distributing olives.

The propellers whirl and a blast of a cyclone sweeps across the asphalt.

"O.K.?" asks the traffic superintendent and hops out.

The engine accelerates. The propellers roar with the voice of a full-throated tornado. Deft attendants withdraw the chokes from the wheels of the quivering machine. A hurricane of wind sweeps a sand-storm towards which uniformed officials turn their crouched backs, and the mighty machine begins to stagger like some mountainous moth along the pavement, climbs on to the grass with a sort of sickening bump, crawls for half-a-mile in a ponderous half-circuit, lifts suddenly, and with a deafening Z-oo-oo-oo-mm has passed over the control tower and is away.

No time for anyone to get cold feet. No time even to kiss your girl good-bye. It seems that the motto of Imperial Airways is that "Speed casteth out all fear."

. . . . . .

Mark you, this is to be a busy morning. Costes, the Frenchman who flew the Atlantic from Paris to New York, is due with his "circus." The aeroplanes of the French Air Union, which the Mayor of Croydon is booked to receive and which are to take the Air Union's passenger agents, gathered from the cities of the United Kingdom, joy-riding that day. A very pretty advertising stunt.

There is just time to look round before they arrive. The aerodrome stretches a mile and a half across and is two miles wide. It is fringed with the inevitable red-brick suburban houses.

There are hangars sacred to the usage of the aeroplanes of each country which sends its air liners to England. Away on the right is the garage of the Dessoutter taxis. Five bob a flit, or anywhere you like at a cheap rate. And parked alongside are Moths, Puss Moths, and what you please. Private 'planes that come and go as the Air Ministry official in the tall control tower permits them. And something seems to be everlastingly going up and equally everlastingly coming down. And tucked in a corner are some iron railings through which peek and pry dozens of "kids."

This is the Air Ministry's "gallery," from which the public can see all the wonders of the aerodrome for the charge of one penny. Result: All the local mothers "park" their children there for the day. And on Sundays father goes with them. And after closing time father can sleep on the grass while the children are entertained all the afternoon. Admission one penny. Who dares to say that the Air Ministry is devoid of the commercial instinct?

. . . . . .

The horn-buzzer-hooter sounds from the control tower. Croydon is a one-way aerodrome and something is coming in. It is Costes, in his great big and yellow Air Union bus. It descends and staggers like some stricken insect on to the asphalt which is euphemistically known as the "Customs area." The Mayor of Croydon, a solitary little figure in a large gold chain, with a bodyguard of press photographers, awaits him.

There is another lone figure. A slim girl in a flame-coloured knitted costume. It is the redoubtable Amy.

"Hullo, Miss Johnson. I say, what are you doing here?"

She turned her wide, toothy smile on me.

"I'm waiting for Costes," she says; "I do hope to get a word with him."

And so, all alone, all unrecognized, the girl who flew to Australia awaits the man who flew the Atlantic from east to west.

She was due to start from Heston in the big race to Newcastle at one o'clock. Later, completely alone except for one young man to wave her good-bye, the girl who flew to Australia popped into her little yellow 'plane at 12.40 and was gone.

. . . . . .

Now after this I'm not prepared to say what happened at any particular hour, much less at any particular moment.

How can a man make a descriptive article of Bradshaw? All I know is that 'planes came in and 'planes went out. They seemed to come in and go out endlessly, hour after hour. The big red and khaki buses of the French, their blunt noses so painted that they looked like the faces of stupid moths. And the thing that I marked most about them was that the stewards were English. Merry little fellows with a quip for everyone.

Then there were large, blue-painted, solid-looking Dutch machines, with tall, solemn-looking pilots. And the passengers mostly English.

Neat, grey-painted Belgian machines. Machines that came in very fast. Machines that lifted suddenly and swept away like swallows when they started. The swiftest air liners that fly the skies, except perhaps the Germans'.

And the German buses are quite distinctive. All metal, as against fabric, to which the rest of the flying world still clings. Grim-looking buses picked out with black. They were coming from Amsterdam with passengers from Copenhagen, Frankfurt, Düsseldorf, and Munich, from Hanover, from Berlin. And the passengers were mostly English.

That is, perhaps, the most curiously marked point one notices at Croydon. No matter where they are flying outward bound, no matter whence they have come inward bound, the majority of passengers are English. I should say that, whether they fly by Belgian, Dutch, or German 'planes, 80 per cent. of the passengers are British. The newspapers may shout that we are lagging in the aerial race, and that to find aerial salvation we must become "air-minded." The refutation for the necessity of all this outcry, as evidenced by Croydon, is that it is the English who globe-trot, whether for business or for pleasure, by air.

And this is where we get back to the case of the women. Women who have to travel between London and Paris, or between Paris and London, have learned to prefer the aerial way because they are escorted by Englishmen from capital to capital. Englishmen see them off. Englishmen pass them through the Customs. Englishmen care for them in the 'plane. Englishmen meet them at Le Bourget. Englishmen on their behalf grapple with the French Customs. Englishmen drive them to Paris. Englishmen receive them in Paris. Englishmen despatch them to their farther destination. Englishwomen travelling by Imperial Airways are never for a moment out of touch or without the care of Englishmen, whether they travel to Paris or to Karachi.

. . . . . .

But let us leave the ladies for a moment and seek the pilots' room in the Aerodrome Hotel. This, I should say, is one of the jolliest rooms in the world. The portraits of pilots of every nationality look down on you from the walls. And the drinks are good. And here you discover the complete fallacy of the airman's "bird-face." I never saw men who looked less like birds. Take Berry, doyen of pilots, the man who held a pilot's certificate before the War, and now has a breastful of medals. He has the bluff, blue-eyed face of the naval officer. Or take that famous pilot, Horsey, known to all the flying fraternity as "Tails." He has the face of a born comedian, and a humorous dog he is. There is nothing bird-like about him.

And the Frenchmen, brown as berries because of their open cock-pits, are stout-built, stocky fellows, and, but for their smart uniform, look like the mates of coasting steamers. The tall Dutchmen are square-faced and a bit dour. Nothing bird-like about them.

The Belgians look like cavalry officers. The Germans are round and jolly. Nothing bird-like about them. If you're out to look for "bird-men," don't try the pilots' room at Croydon.

But, whether like "bird-men" or not, they are beyond all doubt among the best fellows in the world. And certainly among the most sleepless. Take these Imperial Airways pilots. They come in from Germany early in the morning, and are booked for "joy-riding." They go home and sleep awhile, kiss the missus and the kids, say "See you Tuesday, dear," and are off to Düsseldorf or somewhere, and come back God knows when. Great fellows. Always fit, always ready for anywhere at any time. The impression they gave me was that they are sailors who fly.

. . . . . .

It's seven o'clock. Up in the control tower the horn-buzzer-hooter is busy again. 'Planes are whirring in from half over Europe. Crowding on all-sail—if one can use such a term—in the hope of getting a "landing." For at Croydon only one 'plane is allowed to land at a time. If the Dutchman gets in first the Englishman must circle, as the musicians say, "till ready."

Red and khaki Frenchmen—down they come, to labour across the 'drome. Down comes the big German and down the little Dutchman.

Down sweeps the majestic "Silver Wings" of the Imperial Airways—the most splendid of them all.

LOADING UP: Passengers' baggage being stowed into the snout of a Golden Ray Liner

ACTIVITIES AERIAL

The Airways Garden Party at Hanworth

THE RECORD-BREAKER: Mr. C. W. Scott, who defeated Commander Kingsford-Smith's record to Australia, and flew home in ten-and-a-half days

THE CHANNEL PIONEER: M. Louis Blériot, who was present with a replica of the original aeroplane in which he crossed the Channel in 1909, at the Airways Garden Party at Hanworth

THE WELCOME WELCOME: Mr. C. W. Scott greeted, after his record flight from Australia, on his arrival at Brooklands by Mrs. Scott. The aeronaut in his stained, yet still vivid, plus fours, was given a terrific reception by the crowd for his fracture of the Kingsford-Smith record

AT THE AIRWAYS GARDEN PARTY: Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy and his daughter, with Mr. Montague, Under-Secretary of State for Air, and Mrs. Montague, leave the latest Imperial Airways liner, *Hannibal*, after inspecting its details with admiration. The great four-engined monster towered over the smart two-seaters of the club members, while the replica of the original Blériot 'plane showed up in striking contrast The *Hannibal* seats some 22 people and has roomy accommodation throughout

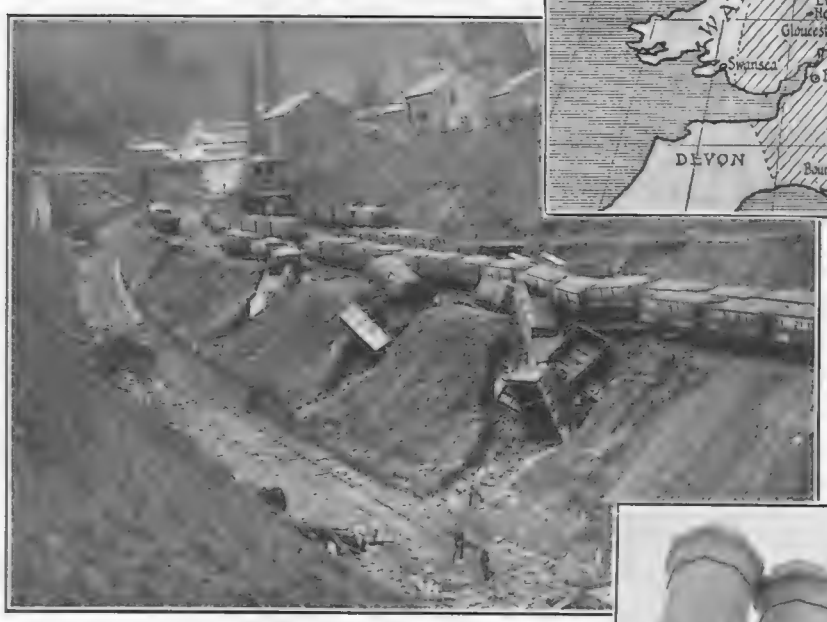
1931 WATCHES 1909: Two spectators at the Airways Garden Party, arrayed in the latest fashion, watch the replica of Blériot's original cross-Channel monoplane in action

THE BLACK UNIFORM of the National Flying Services worn by Captain Findlay, seen chatting to Mr. and Mrs. Giles at the Airways Garden Party at Hanworth. Over 200 Members of Parliament attended the garden party and display arranged by the Hanworth Aerodrome — one of the most up-to-date of modern flying fields

EARTHQUAKE *and* FLOOD *Ravage* BRITAIN

THE CRASH IN WALWORTH: More than fifty feet of coping fell from four houses in Lorrimore Square last Monday. Inset on right *is a map showing the area affected by the recent earthquake by courtesy of the* Daily Mail

GAS MASKS AT ST. PAUL'S: A serious leak in the gas main in St. Paul's Churchyard has been reported and workmen equipped in gas helmets have been engaged in looking for it. The event was thought to be due to the earthquake



A MAIN LINE BLOCKED BY A FLOOD: The scene on the main line to Tir Pentwys Colliery, Pontypool, blocked with debris owing to the serious floods which washed out sidings and wrecked wagons

THE RISE OF THE SEVERN: A scene near Gloucester after the heavy thunderstorms had caused the river to flood. Farmers drove their live stock (with considerable difficulty) on to high ground

Inset above—*AFTERMATH OF BRITAIN'S EARTHQUAKE: Chimney pots left in a precarious condition at Bridlington, Yorks, after last week-end's seismic disturbance*

THE DARE-DEVIL OF NIAGARA: Mr. William Hill climbs into the barrel in which he shot the Niagara Falls. Trapped in the filling barrel for over two hours, he was finally rescued by his son. This is Hill's third attempt at the feat

TRAPPED IN THE WHIRLPOOL OF NIAGARA: The barrel in which Mr. Hill shot the Rapids and got caught in the whirlpool, seen after its two hours' buffeting in an inaccessible current. The veteran dare-devil was rescued by his son. Hill was in the barrel when this picture was taken

GIBRALTAR and the Spanish Future

A Political Prophecy

by FERDINAND TUOHY

THE FRONTIER: A long fence acts as a barrier between Gibraltar and Spain and the intervening space is known as "No Man's Land." No Spaniard is allowed through the gateway in the fence after 10 p.m. without a special permit, and sentries, both British and Spanish, patrol the area night and day. A sentry of the Lincoln Regiment is seen above on duty with two representatives (also on duty) of Spain. The difference in military discipline jumps to the eye!

When I was in Gibraltar, one early April day recently, the great rock sentinel of the southern approach to Europe—our last atom, also, on the mainland of that continent—looked as serene and immutable as at my first sight of it eighteen years before. Here, one said, is something that sticks out and above the turmoil of the times. Another war might even come and go (as did the last one) leaving it unpitted by as much as a pellet, ceremonially carrying on as were it as separate and distant from the calamity as Honolulu. Nothing exudes strength-in-exclusiveness like the Rock of Gibraltar. Let the wild, bad world go by!

That was strongly the opinion of my sea companion, an American, as we stood in Main Street that sunny morning watching a splendiferous mace-juggler leading his bandsmen towards Government House, the last word in the new khaki self-pride. On the pavement and at balconies the native-born looked on admiringly, although one supposed it to be an every-day occurrence.

"Gee, that's fine—makes me feel like a piece of cheese."

And America added: "Guess you've got this place for keeps, as you say. But why are they playing 'Marching through Georgia'? Don't you date back longer than that here?"

Past bastions and batteries superbly inscribed from the past, I walked with that American. In fact, right round to Sandy Bay where, as one could no longer nod "yes" to the "Officer?" challenge, we had to turn back. From thence on to Europa the side of the Rock facing inwards towards the Mediterranean is barred. (That is, to all save the monkeys, Europe's only ones, whose periodic vanishing has never been explained save by hard cases who aver that the apes have a private tunnel across to the African shore, having, in fact, long anticipated the thirty-mile Franco-Spanish project of which, incidentally, we may now hear more, these days of five-year plans and unlimited Paris gold ready for exportation to the greater glory and hold of France.)

That night the Atlantic and Mediterranean fleets completed the picture of unchanging security for us. They were saying good-bye to one another after their annual reunion. A lusty business. Tens of thousands of tars auld-lang-syning themselves in cafés wherein "ladies' orchestras out from home" strove valiantly to accompany the bawling.

Within a week the Spanish aristocracy and priests and nuns were fleeing to Gibraltar.

The question mark still suspended above Spain, namely, whether or not a Kerensky régime at present holds a verbal fort there, is likely to put Gibraltar more in our minds in ensuing times than usual (which is hardly at all). For it can truthfully be said that a Rock amid peace has become a Rock with several encircling notes of interrogation—on the African no less than on the European side—an outpost amid a potential sea of troubles. We have grown so used to contemplating Gib. as the surest thing in strongholds of Empire that it may be hard to imagine anything different for future years. I am not suggesting our having to accept challenge of any serious kind for Gibraltar within a computable period of time. Less so am I suggesting the likelihood of our being moved on, locally, during the next ten years of probable incessant disquiet. Yet I do hint at this prospect: of an irredentism being fanned locally by agitators not friendly to this country; of the gradual emergence of a faction in Spain which should become increasingly vocal about vital Gibraltar; of attempts, not necessarily by Spaniards, to draw our position on the Rock into the general European tangle from which it has remained so supremely aloof all these generations. We have only to note what has supervened at Malta, inside of ten years since the suffrage was given, to be aware that the Rock may not be permitted always to pursue the even tenor of its way, to carry on *au dessus de la mêlée*. Indeed, the Rock's position, if you glance about from it to-day, is apt to be rather more fraught with electrical possibilities than the sister base's environment.

Gibraltar, as is known, is a Crown Colony ruled by a Governor. There is no self-determination there of any kind or description. And there is rather a special labour situation—thousands of imported Spaniards daily—which, I am told, could at a pinch be brought up at Geneva. Also (although I give it under reserve) the majority of the native-born of the Rock, whose total population is 13,000, have been none too content since the Fleet departed to other climes and the garrison was reduced; and many of this mixed and swarthy breed are certainly more Spanish in language, religion, and general outlook and morals than they are English, even though we have been eight or nine generations in possession locally. Briefly, one has only to glance at the Rock's physical freakishness and local manner of life to conclude that it must still be deeply impregnated by many things Spanish. Heretofore it has been possible to skim clean over this. And all has been quiet. It may not always be in a world of growing interference and challenge and of idealistic weaknesses.

Masses of Spaniards have never abandoned claim to Gibraltar. The spectacle of this all-commanding promontory linked squarely to their southern coast and in the hands of the foreigner has moved many to sullen acquiescence in a state of affairs they would immediately alter had they the chance. Perhaps this sullenness assumed its least passive aspect during the War years. It is no secret that one of the promises Germany gave to Spain in return for the highly benevolent neutrality of the bulk of the Peninsula was that the Rock would be returned to its historic owner. Whether there existed the remotest chance of this actually occurring, in the event of a German victory, one must take leave to doubt—though that is beside the point, which hinges on the circumstance that for several years a live and genuine hope prevailed in Spain that the peace negotiations would witness Gibraltar again being added to the Spanish Crown. It was in considerable measure the dangling of this prospective reward which enabled the U-boats to make such valuable use of Spanish waters. And even though things came to nought, those years of expectancy left a mark. They had awakened hopes in Spain which had long been dormant if not dead.

It is no secret, either, that one of the founts of criticism of King Alfonso had to do with his apparent lukewarmness in connection with the traditional Spanish claim to the Rock. It was vaguely said that his "English Queen" stood in the way of Spanish aspirations. Rather lightly it was charged against the King that he had all too openly exhibited his relinquishing of the Spanish claim by becoming joint patron of the Royal Calpe Hunt which hunts just across from Gibraltar, in Spanish territory, and which is (or was) largely supported by the British garrison. However, it is not now with kings and princes and their peccadilloes that we shall have to deal in this matter of the future immunity of the Rock. The monarchy in Spain looks to be a closed book. The kind of people to-day who interest us are advanced Foreign Ministers such as Señor Lerroux; or more advanced possible successors; who want popular cries; who want to place themselves on the map, as it were; who may want red herrings, too. (And what a giant exemplar Gibraltar could be!)

We have become painfully aware that governments of the proletariat can be as Chauvinistic as most others. Already the cry of foreign capital holding such concerns as Rio Tinto is being taken up in Spain. Did the Peninsula really become stirred into xenophobia on the Soviet plane, it is clear that Gibraltar might become a more live issue than it is to-day. At any rate, thus soon, in Paris, the possibility of this occurring is being canvassed; and the twin possibility that in such event it might be possible to drive a bargain with Britain which would give France greater say in international Tangier, the present position of which is lamentable. The place is bankrupt—in large measure by reason of the tremendous success of French Morocco just round the corner—and the townsfolk, when I looked in, were clamouring that the International Administration henceforward assume all financial charges.

Our complete dominance on the other side of the Straits is almost bound to be brought into play sooner or later in regard to the situation at Tangier. Heretofore we have steadfastly refused to allow the French the main say facing us on the African shore. Now it looks as if we couldn't give it them if we wanted to. In the room of Germany Mussolini has managed to creep in locally at Tangier, and one can imagine him going up in the air at any project for an extension of French influence. He is likely, in point of fact, to back up the Spaniards with their "*Tangier para España*" slogan. The completely unknown quantity of the future value of Spanish troops, as employed in the Spanish zone encircling Tangier, makes the position the more involved. The French, who have made this part of the world since 1912, say they cannot get on with the job of completing the submission of the Riffi and of opening up the whole country unless something more tangible comes their way at Tangier.

They also—and this concerns us at "Gib" more—are genuinely disturbed in regard to the possibility of Moscow enterprise stirring up a "red" Riff and Spanish zone, operating through Spanish communists of whom there is certain to be no shortage in the future. Supposing a "red" rule came into being directly opposite us, at Ceuta just 20 miles away? That is another future possibility the Rock must envisage, in addition to the likelihood of its becoming something of a pawn—a thing it has never been—in the international game. But a truce to high politics, my incursion into which was to indicate that the French are already bestowing attention on the Straits of Gibraltar in view of recent Spanish events, and that they may in due course proffer an arrangement with us tending to enforce an age-long Gibraltar aloofness which might conceivably become threatened.

And by nothing more so than by "redness" spreading through neighbouring Andalusia—where it is even now said to be stronger than anywhere else in Spain save Barcelona. I know, when I travelled up all day from Algeciras to Granada on the eve of the Revolution, cohorts of exultant youth of both sexes wearing red cravates joined the train at each halt.

We may be quite certain that it will henceforward become a prime matter in the Kremlin to undermine the British at Gibraltar. What a bastion gone, if it could be encompassed!

However, to come down to actuality, Gibraltar's somewhat modified situation lies in the possible disintegration and rising of so much around and about her on either shore. It is not by any stretch of the imagination a current danger; none but a Spanish bull would attack the Rock. There has probably been just a tightening up of things locally, a more constant attention directed on adjoining happenings, on comings and goings, too, since odder things might befall than "red"-engineered military sabotage locally. Consider, for example, that thousands of Spanish subjects, men, women, and children, are in the habit of swarming over into British territory every morning for their daily

(Continued on p. 504)

SOCIAL LIFE *in* MODERN CHINA

Some Intimate Glimpses of Modernities in Shanghai and the Modernized Seaboard

By THOMAS STEEP

BEAUTY CULTURE: Helen Wang, a quondam moving picture star, who has recently opened a modern beauty parlour on Nanking Road, Shanghai, gives a treatment

My interest in China, however, centres around the native theatre, pidgin-English, and the modest Chinese woman.

The best-known actor in China is Mei Lang-fang. I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Mei socially and also of seeing him act in Shanghai and Pekin. He is a comparatively young man—about thirty-five years old. Among Europeans he is shy and in a crowd slinks into a corner of the room. You would hardly think he is China's greatest living stage hero, the idol of the Chinese people, the very essence of their dramatic art.

Seated in a Chinese theatre you will be struck by a custom which will seem to you comical. The Chinese, like the Japanese, have a custom of rubbing hot towels over their faces and hands by way of refreshing themselves. They find it extremely invigorating. And so they distribute hot towels to the members of an audience in a theatre. Now the average Chinese theatre is crowded, aisles and all, so it is not possible to deliver the hot towels in person. How then are they distributed? By being thrown over the heads in the audience to the various customers. A man with a supply of hot towels appears at a door and deftly throws a bundle of them to an usher in another part of the house.

So you see hot towels flying over the heads, never hitting anybody and always falling into the hands of the man who is to receive them. The man then distributes them locally, collects them after they have been used, and flings them back again to be steamed over. It is a pleasure to see a fat Chinese gentleman in the theatre rubbing a hot towel over his head and face and to observe his face beaming with exhilaration.

Of course, I have never enjoyed this pleasure in a theatre. For sanitary reasons Europeans do not thus indulge themselves. But there have been occasions in Japan, at tea parties, where etiquette demanded their use lest you might offend your hostess. And I can testify that a hot towel is refreshing when one feels fatigued.

But to go back to the theatre. The Chinese theatre has not been modernized. It is about where it was centuries ago. It might be compared to the English theatre in the time of Elizabeth. There is no curtain, and almost everything, except the costumes, is left to the imagination. The orchestra sits at the back of the stage. The property man, who is supposed to be invisible, walks on and off as he pleases. If an actor, while playing, wants a drink of tea he drinks it regardless of what the audience thinks. You are expected to use a great deal of discrimination as to what belongs to the play and what does not.

A disconsolate lover falls on the floor and says he has drowned himself in a well; he commits no impropriety if he immediately gets up and walks off the stage. A merchant, in bed and asleep, is strangled by a burglar; he does not offend dramatic art if, while dead, he reaches to a near-by table and drinks a cup of tea. Mei Lang-fang invariably drinks tea while he is acting. His servant boldly walks on the stage and hands his master a cup. Mr. Mei lifts a fan or a wide sleeve before his face and drinks the tea. If Mr. Mei should happen to spill some of the hot tea on the servant that would occasion no laughter, for the audience is supposed not to observe the tea drinking.

An understanding of the Chinese drama depends upon an understanding of certain arbitrary symbols. A man climbs on top of a table and says he is on top of a mountain. If he wants to create a blizzard he throws a handful of paper bits into the air, which represent snow.

Everyone has heard of pidgin-English. It is the language used between Chinese tradesmen and English-speaking foreigners. "Pidgin" is the word for business, and pidgin-English was created in the early days in commerce between traders and the natives. It is a sort of compromise between English and Chinese.

I must explain to you some of the terms. "Top-side," of course, means top; "bottomside," the bottom. "How fashion?" means why. Objects or individuals are always referred to as "piece" or "piecee," as "one-piecee book," "two-piecee man," etc. There is only one first personal pronoun and that is "my."

A friend of mine was giving orders to her cook. She suggested ordinary duck for dinner. But the cook said, "Missie, my tinkee more better have flyaway duck to-day. Can catchee walkee-walkee duck any time."

A European who called on two young women learned that the elder of them was upstairs taking a bath, and the younger one was out walking. This is the way the Chinese servant conveyed the information: "That two-piecee girl no can see. Numba one, she topside, make washee, washee. Numba two, she go outside makee walkee, walkee."

This reminds me that foreigners sometimes make the mistake of talking pidgin-English to educated Chinese. A lady sat next to a Chinese at dinner and wishing to open conversation with him talked to him in pidgin-English about the dinner. "Madame," he said, "if I understand your jargon correctly, you are trying to tell me that the dinner is good. Yes; it is good, but your English is bad." The Chinese was an Oxford graduate, and he had been a resident of England for a long period after his student days.

Besides pidgin-English, which is entirely verbal, the natives in writing use an English which they pick out of dictionaries. A Chinese with a smattering of the language to express his thoughts will laboriously search through a dictionary rather than pay a translator.

An *amah*, or housemaid, had an altercation with the cook whom she accused of rascality. She decided to resign, and presented her employers with a letter:

> MY DEAR MASTER AND MISTRESS,—Regret to inform you the purpose why I want left in your house. When you received this you will have been able to know the circumstances of my left. I am very sorry that I will stop my work in your house, yet I have no face to get on my work any further. For the scamp cook as disgraced and does the villainous manners to me, also treated me to rascal movement. It is therefore, I must left in your house. Trusting you will take these few lines into your favourable consideration. Hope you will excuse me the inevitable left. Yours very obediently,—AMAH.

Foreign officials in the Chinese Post Office often find on envelopes personal notes to the postmaster which are written by native Chinese in the hope that the postmaster will expedite or assure the safety of the missives. An inscription scrawled over a large envelope read: "Reverently submitted to the great English postman, run! Take this most hasty letter to A-long, son of A-chak, the grocer, South Street, New Golden Mountains (Australia). Beware! Valuables are within!"

A merchant who had a working knowledge of English, and who was fond of going to the movies, had to move his shop. He posted a notice on his door: "Next week we will movie next door."

Here are some signs which are found over shops in Shanghai:

Sign over a barber's shop, "Heads cut fine."

Sign over a fur store, "Coats made of your skin or my skin."

Sign in a hosiery shop window, "Silk stockings two for one."

Sign over a cleaning shop, "We most cleanly and carefully wash our customers with cheap prices as under—Ladies, 2 dollars per hundred; gentlemen, 1·75 dollar per hundred."

Sign over a dentist, "Teeth carpenter."

Sign over a photographer's shop, "Photographers executed."

And here is the prize one of all:

Sign over a shop which sells infant food, "Excellent for infants produced under the most sanitary conditions."

The people of China, struggling for a contact with the world beyond their own isolation, are learning English slowly. It is not to their discredit that the masses of them who live in the ports have learned it as yet only imperfectly. The wonder is that, considering the difficulties and vicissitudes of their lives, they can speak it at all.

Before speaking of the modern woman in China I would like to refer for a moment to the ancient one. The great majority of Chinese women are still untouched by modernism. The women back in the interior are still sunk in abysmal ignorance, the slaves of mothers-in-law or domineering husbands. Their most pitiable aspect is bound feet. The feet of little girls were and are still being bound because little feet are supposed to give them the grace of the lily. So they are called *lily feet*. The custom, of course, limits their activities. It's like hobbling a horse.

Even these Chinese women with bound feet, although deprived of the advantages of education, are naturally intelligent. Although ignorant of what is going on in the world, they are smart when it comes to performing their household duties. They generally regulate the family budget, make the children's clothes and shoes, and sometimes they become actual tyrants over their husbands. Their most charming quality is their good nature, their sincerity, and many of them are really beautiful.

The modern Chinese woman, including the flapper, is of course opposed to the binding of feet, and is doing all she can to discourage the custom. She also opposes the old custom of having her parents select her husband. Modernism among the Chinese women, I believe, is attributable to western influence, and flourishes most in the seaport cities, like Shanghai. Although modern women seem numerous in Shanghai they are only a pitiable proportion of the 200,000,000 Chinese women. But in Shanghai they are making encouraging progress. In Shanghai you see many Chinese flappers, and they are fascinatingly colourful and pretty. In physical appearance the flapper is slender, quick in her movements, dainty and feminine, and she has a broad forehead betokening intelligence. The Chinese woman, beautiful in her sweet simplicity, industrious, patient, is the hope of China.

THE HUMAN BASIS OF THE CHINESE HOLLYWOOD: The founders and directors of the United China Film Co. with their company. Standing in the centre are Mei Lang-fang, the distinguished portrayer of traditional (female) rôles and Sir Robert Hotung (starred)

EMBLEMATIC FLAMES OF SUMMER: The straw effigy of Winter ritually fired in the streets of Eisenach, a town of Saxe-Weimar hardby the Castle of Wartburg, where Luther, under the friendly arrest of the Elector of Saxony, translated the Bible. Eisenach makes of this annual festival a serious festivity, and shows both with what genius Christendom has adapted Pagan festivals to herself and how persistent in certain localities are the ancient and traditional gestures of Nature worship

THE BURIAL OF WINTER: A scarecrow dummy symbolising Winter is dressed up and carried out to the hills and a girl—in gay and festal attire, emblematic of Spring—is brought back. This is a rite celebrated throughout Moravia

"ANIMAL WORSHIP" AT EISENACH: One of the festal cars in the "Return of Summer" ritual in that town

THE DEATH of WINTER

Strange Rituals which Still Persist in Conservative Mittel-Europa to Celebrate the Natural Phenomenon Mythically Represented as the Return of Persephone

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

MONEY. — "Gold Rush" of Derby and Irish Sweepstake Week has again emphasized the glamour of riches to a hard-up and depressed world. The price of a sweepstake ticket bought more romantic dreams of anticipated joys and glittering fortune for millions than it is likely that even the big prizes themselves will materialize for the favoured few.

The "get-rich-quickly fever" is a very human infirmity. Dramatic stories of mushroom millionaires and modern Dick Whittingtons, the romance of a Henry Ford, Lord Dewar, Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Russell Sage, Sir David Yule, Sir Basil Zaharoff, for instance, provide enthralling reading of the adventures of success.

The richest man in the world is claimed to be the fifty-year-old Nizam of Hyderabad. He is said to refrain from investing his money in securities because his wealth would soon become too cumbersome. Instead, he keeps about £100,000,000 worth of gold in bricks and coins in his palace strong box. Jewellers and goldsmiths who have valued his properties estimate his fortune at £200,000,000 exclusive of the jewels of his kingdom, which are worth an untold fortune and have never been appraised.

The world's richest woman was believed to be the late Miss Ella Wendel of New York, who died in March worth £40,000,000. But in May, by the death of her father, Mr. George F. Baker, "the Sphinx of Wall Street," Mrs. Howard Bligh St. George, of Kingston-on-Thames, is likely to inherit a substantial part of his property estimated at between £50,000,000 and £100,000,000. Lady Yule, Lady Houston, and Lady Granard are amongst England's richest women.

There has been a slump in millionaires in Britain during the last few years. Inland Revenue reports showed 597 millionaires in 1924–5, 569 in 1925–6, 543 in 1926–7, and only 487 for the year ending 1930.

American dollar-millionaires are numbered in thousands. In 1926, Mr. J. S. McCoy, chief actuary to the United States Treasury, calculated that on the basis of income-tax returns there were 11,000 millionaires in America, and that one out of every 10,450 of the population had attained millionaire rank. In 1929, Mr. Carl Snyder, of the Federal Reserve Bank, estimated between 30,000 and 40,000 dollar-millionaires in the United States, as against 7,000 in 1914. The tremendous increase is due to colossal gambling. Americans with a yearly income of at least 1,000,000 dollars, that is, £200,000, numbered 511 in 1928. Of these, seventy-four were women, and twenty-nine unmarried girls. The latest statistics disclose that 504 American citizens are taxed on incomes over 1,000,000 dollars, and that 38,650 persons can be reckoned in the millionaire class as actually possessing more than 1,000,000 dollars.

The number of Germany's millionaires has dropped 60 per cent. since the war. Germany now has only 400 millionaires, and these, for the great part, are only gold-mark millionaires, with the gold-mark worth about 1s. to-day. The fortune of the ex-Kaiser, however, is variously estimated at between £7,000,000 and £12,500,000. Herr Flick and Herr Fritz Thyssen are two of Germany's richest men, whose fortunes can be reckoned in thousands of millions of marks. Herr Otto Wolff is another of the fraternity.

M. Coty is the richest man in France, having made more than £10,000,000 in face-powder and perfumes. The last Sultan of Turkey, a second son of "Abdul the Damned" who was deposed in 1909, owns fabulous wealth. His father's estate has been assessed at £300,000,000, and twenty-seven relatives, including some of his nine wives and their children, are still trying to secure a share.

The Mitsuis, Iwasakis, and Sumitomos are the leading millionaires of Japan, the two first believed to be worth some £40,000,000 each, the third between £20,000,000 and £30,000,000. Jugoslavia boasts three important prototypes of Crœsus, Arthur Drach, said to possess about £40,000,000, George Weifertz £16,000,000, and Andrej Sarabon £3,200,000. Rumania's richest man is Dinu Mihail with £1,300,000. The wealthiest citizens of Hungary and Poland are Prince Paul Esterhazy and Count Alfred Potocki respectively. Bulgaria has no millionaires, and in Russia it is a crime to be rich.

AUTOMATON: Herr Austerlitz, the Austrian Socialist, speaking at the Congress of Socialists at Leipzig. Despite (or because of) the fact that the speaker is surrounded by a mechanical, not a physical, audience, the gesture itself seems automatic—like the cameras and microphones

GERMANY, THE SPIRITUAL VICTOR.—Official Germany was the guest of official Britain at Chequers a few days ago. And that name—Chequers—promises to take its place in post-war history beside Versailles, Locarno, Geneva, and The Hague, with influence for good or bad as Destiny, operating through human minds and emotions, may decree.

In 1921 the German Government received in London what was in effect the dictatorial Dawes Plan of German war reparations payments. That was replaced by the "Young Plan," agreed upon at The Hague, fixing a total sum and payment for sixty odd years.

Now the German Chancellor, Dr. Bruening, Catholic prelate, a man of fine presence and strong features, and Dr. Curtius, Foreign Minister, able lawyer and logical mind but with no personal magnetism, come to Chequers, tell Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson that Germany is on the verge of economic collapse, with possible revolution threatening in the dark background, in consequence of the unbearable burdens of the war reparations. On the one hand, extreme Communism, on the other Hitlerism, with a well-meaning German Government, supported now almost alone by the Catholic Centrist party, between the two, and with Russia beckoning in the east. What do the British Labour Premier and the Foreign Secretary think can be done about it? Lastly, what do the former Entente Powers propose to do about the promise of disarmament recorded in the preamble to the Versailles peace treaty imposed upon Germany?

If Germany is a State with equal rights with others in the League of Nations, then that obviously applies to equal armament, if the former Allied Powers, who voluntarily recorded in the treaty their solemn promise to disarm, do not propose to keep that promise!

I do not know what Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson told Dr. Bruening and Dr. Curtius, beyond what was given out to the Press—and that so often is merely to quiet the public mind.

That the German Chancellor and Foreign Minister returned to Berlin disappointed, even if as guests at Chequers they could not say that outright, is not surprising. They came with too great expectations. Formerly, Germany went to America for mediation. Now they come to England with a new thought. If Germany wants to reach or to influence America, she can only do so through Britain and British friendship. And, of course, that, in the German mind, applies still more to influence upon France.

If we are to deduce from the manner in which Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson have tackled British problems at home and abroad, they really did not know what to tell the Germans. It is hard to solve the difficult problems of others when you cannot solve your own most pressing problems.

The keynote of British policy at home and abroad is—Keep quiet. Patience. Wait and see. We are going through a very black and sinister forest. Tread softly, carefully. Whisper, lest you arouse dangerous animals lurking in the gloom, until we see daylight.

That, in effect, is what I imagine Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson told the Germans. Unfortunately—perhaps fortunately for them—there is not that apathy, lethargy, resignation, which is so marked in Britain. The Germans refuse to resign themselves to what others may tell them is the inevitable and their fate. They are a spirited people, defeated in war but not crushed in spirit. We, a victorious people, are crushed in spirit.

TURKEY'S TEMPLE OF FORTUNE.—Yildiz Palace, Constantinople, sumptuous pavilion of Sultan Abdul Hamid, and gilded cage of his famous harem, transformed after his fall into an equally gorgeous and colourful eastern Monte Carlo, was handed over to the Constantinople municipality the other day to be turned into a sanatorium.

The ruin of many Turks was given as the reason for closing down the Yildiz Casino. The concessionaires had spent thousands and thousands of pounds upon the decorations and installation. At the inauguration the Minister of Interior himself formally opened the *salle de jeu*. Since gaming in the casino had thus been officially sponsored, why suddenly declare that gambling is illegal in Turkey and close down the costly temple of fortune? That is what indignant concessionaires wanted to know after the public prosecutor "raided" and closed the palace.

I was in Turkey at the time of the negotiations between the Turkish Government and prospective concessionaires. Kemal Pasha had definitely declared that for the Turks themselves gambling would be illegal in Turkey. The gambling rooms of the casino were to attract foreign visitors willing to chance losing their money and thus contribute to the Turkish State coffers. The Turks might look on. This Oriental Monte Carlo, when completed, surpassed in beauty and romance its western model.

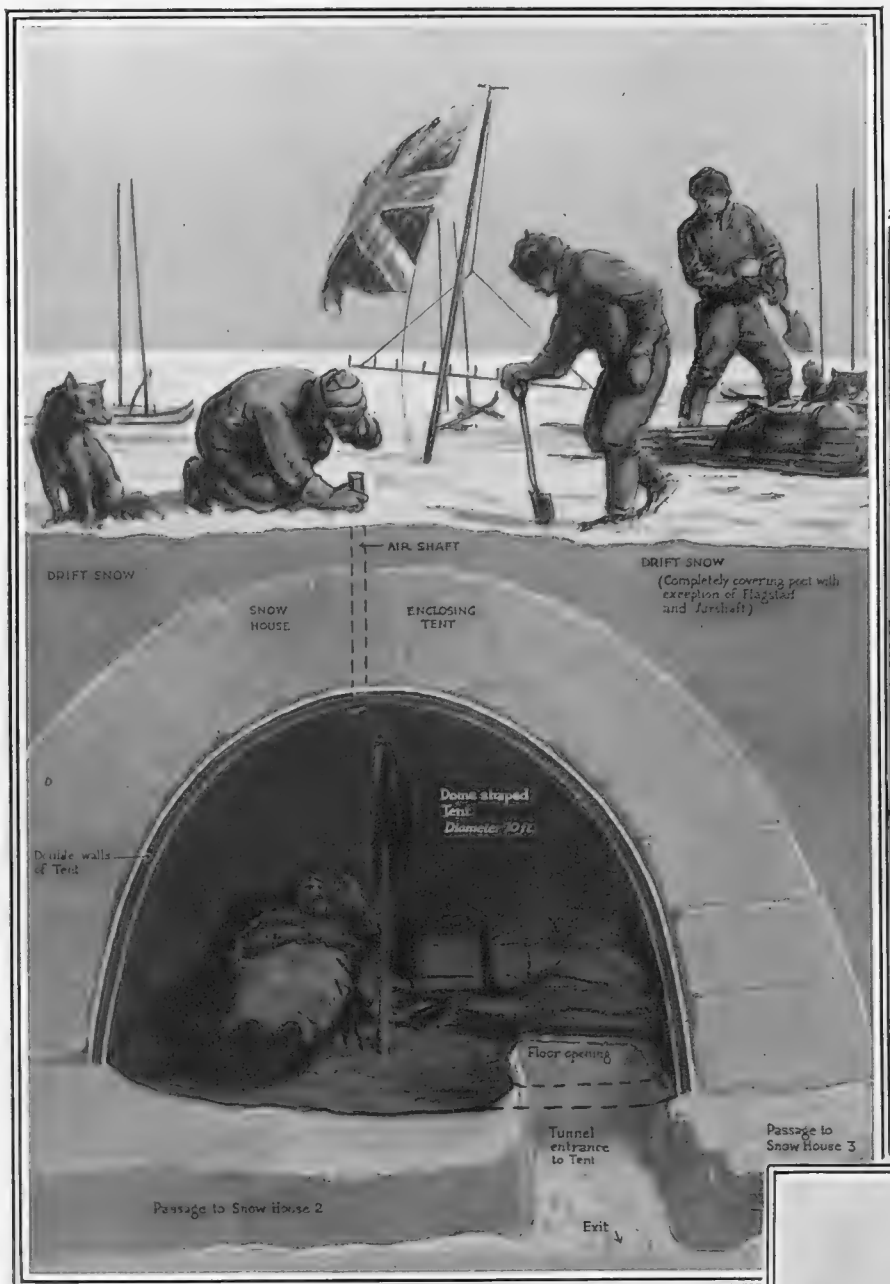
Soon the scene of so much human drama, love, hate, passion, cruelty, hope, despair, broken hearts and broken lives will, as a sanatorium, be consecrated to the healing of broken health and bodies.

The glassy Bosphorus must tell no tales of the gay and wicked Sultan's foredoomed favourites who, according to Abdul Hamid's detractors, ended their butterfly lives in a watery grave. Or of those who, having lost their all at the tables, sought death in the cool, sapphire Bosphorus, there, perhaps, to find paradise in the white arms of one of Abdul the Damned's sacrificed houris.

AIR PAGEANT AT VINCENNES: The retiring President of France, M. Doumergue, whose marriage took place recently, was present at the great civil and military air pageant, where he took the salute of the 'planes. Above is seen the arrival of the Kaids who were brought to France by a r

THE STORM IN THE POMATUM POT.—Prospective bride and bridegroom's families, disagreeing over which of the two village hairdressers should dress the bride's hair for the ceremony, resulted in four suicides. Four funerals instead of the marriage feast. Japanese Sergeant Terami, his wife, and sister Kato Oka were arranging the wedding of a pretty young relative. Mrs. Kato Oka had definite ideas as to which one of the little local hairdressers should be entrusted with the task. So had the bridegroom's family, but she was not the same hairdresser. Fifty-nine-year-old Mrs. Kato Oka believed herself slighted, took the matter seriously, and committed suicide. Gallant Terami, who had served with distinction in the Russo-Japanese war, felt he could do no less for the honour of the family. A sense of duty and affection inspired Mrs. Terami and their young son to join him.

Polar TRIUMPH and DISASTER



Drawn by D. MACPHERSON

COURTAULD: *A diagrammatic exposition of the conditions under which the intrepid English explorer lived for months before his rescue. His tent was completely covered by the winter snow fall*

THE ARCH OF ICE: An amazing picture of ice formations—an arch and a berg—in Greenland, as seen by the ill-fated Wegener Expedition, which has lost its leader

ATTEMPTING THE RESCUE OF MR. COURTAULD: One of the Watkins Moth machines starting for a trip over the inland ice. Eskimos are seen helping to refuel the plane. This was the first aeroplane ever to be seen on this portion of Greenland

WEGENER: *WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF THE ESKIMOS: The sturdy and thick-set Mongolian race has in it elements of Norse blood, for Greenland was, until the fifteenth century, a highly-valued Danish colony. These are however now completely submerged. A picture taken by the Wegener Expedition*

But a few days after Mr. Augustine Courtauld was so dramatically rescued from his lonely vigil on the inland ice of Greenland—a rescue effected by his own party on foot, and not by the intrepid attempts of aeronauts, including Captain Ahrenberg, the Swedish expert—an equally dramatic but tragic discovery was made in that frozen land. Professor Alfred Wegener, leader of the German expedition, the exploits of which were illustrated a few weeks ago in "The Sphere," was found dead by a relief expedition a hundred miles from the central station. Professor Wegener had endeavoured to make his way from the central station to the coast with the help of one Greenlander during the winter, fearing that the provisions in the station were not sufficient for the whole party. His body was buried by his companion. Professor Wegener was fifty years of age and was engaged on his fourth Greenland expedition. He was well known for his theory that the land masses of the earth had shifted their positions—floating as it on a liquid core. He believed that Europe, Africa, and America had once formed a single mass and had since swung apart

"THE ERRANT GEMS *of* SUMMER DAYS"

ENTOMOLOGICAL METABOLISM: Three initial stages in the development of the American Spinning Butterfly *(actias luna)* immediately following its escape from the cocoon. The damp and folded wings *(left)* develop rapidly *(centre)* and the long tails unroll *(right)*

ENTOMOLOGICAL METABOLISM—(continued): Here is stage four —the fully developed wings are spread—the next movement after the tails have unrolled

ENTOMOLOGICAL METABOLISM—(concluded): The fully developed insect, when frightened, places itself so as to display the eye spots which deter the attacker

THE ORIENTAL BROTHER OF THE AMERICAN SPINNING BUTTERFLY: *Actias ning po ana*, morphologically and biologically similar to *actias luna*, is found only in China. It is seen at rest after emergence from the chrysalis

The butterfly is one of the strangest phenomena of nature. It is so frail and fragile and yet so instinct with inherent force that it engages in the most violent form of growth — actual metamorphosis — termed entomologically, metabolism.

SOCIETY WITH A CENTRE

The Paris Season, as shown in "The Sphere" last week, is Society without a centre : the London Season, as shown below, revolves round the Court

SOCIAL CENTRIPETAL FORCE : London Society flocks to the centre—the Court at Buckingham Palace. Social gravitation also attracts other particles to its orbit

THE CENTRE OF LONDON SOCIETY : H.M. the King enjoys his morning ride. It is round the fixed centre of the Courts that the social life of the Season revolves, and this feature of life never exists save under a popular monarchy

Inset above on left—*THE QUEEN : The perfect incarnation of gracious dignity round which the social whirl revolves*

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD : The mere panoply and pageantry of Royalty are all the mere man in the street receives, but it is a very welcome and welcomed gift of colour in a drab life

Inset above on right—*THE DUCHESS : A fixed star in the central constellation of the* haut monde *of high society*

Drawn by HOOKWAY COWLES

"GRAND CHAIN": The famous fifth figure of the Ancient Lancers is re-enacted on Season Sundays in the Park, especially outside the Dorchester

LONDON'S *Social* SEASON

By CAROLINE CHEYNE

(This nom de plume veils the identity of a distinguished writer on Social London)

Here we are at the peak of the Season, with Ascot only two days away and London at its gayest and best. In this brief week-end interlude there is just time to stop between the lobster and the cold chicken, and meditate on what is gone and what is yet to turn up. But it is all very difficult. The London Season is far too brief. One dance clashes with another, and transatlantic *diseuses*, dinner parties, opera seasons, first nights, and charity balls all do the same. There was the night when Lady Tweeddale's ball, the twenty-fifth anniversary dance of the Ritz Hotel, the opening nights of the Monseigneur, the Malmaison and the Chantilly restaurants, Lady Muriel Paget's charity ball, and the return of Rex Evans and Marion Harris, all occurred at the same time. Ascot, too, usually clashes with the Royal Horse Show, and the Aldershot Tattoo and the Theatrical Garden Party offer their varied attractions simultaneously.

What sort of a season has it been so far? Well, it has been infinitely gayer than the state of the Stock Exchange and Wall Street would make you suspect. There are not, it is true, so many brand-new motor-cars to be seen in Bond Street, and there are omnibuses in Grosvenor Square. In the supper restaurants and at the opera there are far fewer jewels to be seen. Not all the young men are wearing brand-new evening clothes, and there are fewer private dances. But the débutantes are prettier and smarter and more sophisticated (and also a little leggier) than they have been since I can remember. The Season being only six weeks old, few of them have yet begun to smoke cigarettes, and even their cocktails are few and far between. Nobody has time for backgammon or bridge any more. Week-end flights to Paris are not so frequent. But the Princes and the Duke and Duchess of York are to be seen everywhere. The King is restored to health. The hot favourite won the Derby, and the next two most fancied horses were second and third. Let's hope, by the way, that the same thing happens at Ascot in all the big races—except that the bookies will have no money left to pay us.

Pheasants' eggs and seagulls' eggs have taken the place of plover eggs as an alternative to caviare and smoked salmon. Most of the restaurants have finished all their 1919 champagnes and nearly all their old brandy. At all the higher-priced seats at the Albert Hall and Olympia it is becoming more and more necessary to wear evening clothes, which are no longer the monopoly of the people in the ring-side seats. The Hôtel de Paris is not yet open at Bray, so that people who want to motor down for supper on the river must needs go to the new place at Datchet, opposite Windsor Castle. But even then, they must be members to get inside it. The season for bathing at Cuckoo Weir, near Eton College, is only just beginning. One wants the water to be warm if one is to motor all the way back to London.

The opera seasons at the Lyceum and at Covent Garden have been successful in both instances. Sir Thomas Beecham is as charmingly unconventional as ever. There are new singers as well as Ponselle and Chaliapine. The red and white sunblinds have been out for weeks in Mayfair. There is a blue carpet outside St. Margaret's, Westminster, every morning. The scarlet of the Guards outside Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace enlivened on levee days by the blue and gold and other dress uniforms of military attachés and majors, Lord Lieutenants and admirals draws its daily crowds. King Alfonso has gone, it is true, after his very brief visit, and none of the Spanish grandees, like the Duke of Alba and the Duke of Miranda, are here to add further gaiety to the scene.

But there are now green deck chairs in the Royal Parks, where it is very pleasant to lounge in the sunshine. King George has started riding in the Row before breakfast again. There is the new sherry-bar at the Dorchester. There are several admirable plays—*The Good Companions*, *White Horse Inn*, *Stand Up and Sing*, *After All*, *Turkey Time*, and *The Millionaire Kid* among them.

Tallulah Bankhead has been showing how different she can look on the screen. We are promised another Marlene Dietrich film. French films have been having successes at the Phœnix Theatre and elsewhere — *Le Million* is quite brilliant. The Kit-Cat has been reopened and revived. Ciro's has a new manager and a new band and a new cabaret.

"ENTR'ACTE": White-tie and black and chiffon and georgette discuss tennis, drinks, cigarettes, polo, books, cricket, opera, dancing, cigars, food, wine, enemies, friends scandals and, possibly, the play

But though cinemas, dance clubs, theatres, and restaurants are all an integral part of the London Season, the one outstanding feature is the series of four Courts. It is an unforgettable experience to sit in your finery in the Mall with your father or husband or young man beside you, and the good-humoured crowds with their noses pressed against the windows of your motor-car, staring at you avidly, amusedly, embarrassingly, but quite unselfconsciously. The long line of stationary limousines, the pretty débutantes in their Prince of Wales's feathers stepping on to the running-board of their motor-cars to have their pictures taken by keen young photographers, the young lovers watching from the side-walk, the leafy greenness of the trees, the light-blue sky overhead and the dark-blue policeman holding back the crowds, the flashing jewellery of some maharanee, the gaudy uniform of your escort — there is nothing like this anywhere else in the world. It is the epitome of the Season, culminating for you that evening when at last you drive up to Buckingham Palace, walk along the long corridors with their red carpets, past Gentlemen of His Majesty's Bodyguard in their scarlet and white, and finally, armed with your card of admission, enter the Presence and see the King on his golden throne with the Queen looking magnificently majestic beside him and the Royal Princes behind them. After your curtsey, you then hasten as discreetly as possible to see the Royal Family leave with their retinue in front and behind, before you go off to buffet and drink iced champagne or iced coffee to cool your excitement. Still later you are making your way to Bond Street, where you stop at the first red carpet indicating the all-night session of a Court photographer; and then, some time after midnight, arrive at a private dance

(*Continued on p.* 483)

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Brenda

THE STREET OF SHOPS: An impression of Bond Street at noon, when the carillon in the Tower sounds its tuneful chimes

Sasha

AT CIRO'S: Mrs. Bleackly, Mr. J. Dance, Mrs. Dance, and Mr. Bleackly

Sasha

ALSO AT CIRO'S: Mr. S. E. Gore, Miss Jane Ricardo, and Mr. E. Morry

The London Season

(*Continued from page 480*)

or public restaurant, still in your Prince of Wales's feathers until you remember to take them off.

As to this Season's fashions, it is becoming more and more the fashion for men to wear soft black hats with dinner jackets. Fewer and fewer men wear white gloves at private dances. More and more women wear smaller and smaller béret hats, until the latter have become practically invisible from the front. White is the smartest colour at night, with blue and various off-shades of green next in popularity. Laces and patterned materials, and other Victorian revivals like mittens, have returned, suggesting that muffs will be back in the autumn. The feminine equivalent of skull caps is also being seen at night. Other smart women are wearing white flowers in their hair. One woman has been observed in long net gloves on to which were sewn countless fresh violets. Skirts have been getting longer both by day and by night. Even débutantes are beginning to tint their finger-nails.

The new façade of the Burlington Arcade is now visible to the eye, and the removal of the tarpaulins reveals an ornate affair which is exciting almost as much controversy as Epstein's *Genesis*. I do not say that it is as ugly, but it has certainly given rise to a good deal of comment.

The Royal Military Tournament has not attracted quite as much attention as in previous years, but then, everybody was thinking about nothing except the Irish Sweep. Ireland itself, I hear, was almost completely demoralized for the last three or four days before the race.

Altogether, there have been several changes in the present London Season. Women have never looked better dressed in the new fashions. There have been very few major scandals, and not very many exciting engagements. The "young marrieds" have been having a particularly good time. It is no longer the convention to strike young men or young women off the dance lists as soon as they have walked up the aisle together. They are there in force at all the best private dances, though most of them keep away from the charity affairs except those like the Derby Ball and the Queen Charlotte Ball — even when that is chiefly done for the benefit of the débutantes and their mothers. They will be present in force again on Monday at Lady Douro's Waterloo Ball, which looks as though it will be one of the chief events of the Season at Grosvenor House.

But, indeed, it is time to talk about what other gaieties lie ahead of us. First of all there is Ascot, with its green lawns and its Royal Enclosure; and the difficulty of finding a rendezvous to meet people in the paddock; and of finding young men who will put on bets for you; and of knowing whether to wear a béret hat or an Ascot hat if you are a girl; and of knowing whether to wear spats or not if you are a man. Ascot, with its new totalisator, and its little police-court, and its recollection of Wild Wednesday last year, and the male stylists who cable over reports to America of what all the Princes and dukes and earls are wearing—Ascot ought to look lovelier than ever with the pretty fashions of 1931. Then there is the Torchlight Tattoo to which so many go

(*Continued on p. 504*)

Brenda

THE ARCH OF MARBLE: A matutinal and Sabbatical impression of the entrance to Hyde Park, wherein "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" take the air. *On left* — ROYAL ASCOT: An impression by Angrave of the smartest race meeting in the world, where gowns, as in the halcyon Edwardian days, sweep the turf, and hats gleam with a more-than-Oriental splendour; where the King drives in State down the course, and where a shower of rain can ruin £10,000 worth of clothes in ten minutes

Sasha

LONDON'S LATEST: The opening night of the Monseigneur Restaurant, which is situated in the veritable centre of the universe—Piccadilly Circus. Included in the picture above will be recognized

Mrs. Harries, Mr. Holstus, Mrs. Spilman, Mr. Jack Upson, Miss Hadland, Mrs. Holstus, M. Provatoroff, Mrs. Algy Dawson, Mr. A. Dawson, (a member of the Martini Polo Team), Mr. Monty Upson Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Stewart Brown, and Mr. Morris Harvey.

MARRIAGE SEASON

AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER: Major the Hon. Cecil Weld-Forester, only son of Lord Forester, and Miss Priscilla Perrott, elder daughter of the late Colonel Sir H. Perrott and Lady Perrott

HARCOURT-GROSVENOR: The little bridesmaids at this wedding seen leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster

HERE COMES THE BRIDE: Miss Althea Wollaston arrives at St. Jude's, Kensington, for her wedding with Flight-Lieutenant Ivor Rodney, R.A.F. This June has lived up to its matrimonial reputation!

During the last few months there seems to have been what might almost be called an epidemic of marriages among peers and the heirs to great titles. We have read, for example, of the engagement and wedding of Lord Brougham and Vaux, of Lord Douglas Hamilton, Lord Bury and Lord Colville, and now we read of the engagement of Lord Erne, and of the marriage of Lord Harcourt.

This list of great names makes one wonder whether ladies, with match-making tendencies and daughters or nieces who are still in the schoolroom, are not getting a little anxious to see so many eligible bachelors dropping out of the list of future partners and possible suitors, while girls who are still "finishing" at some up-to-date *pension* in Paris are perhaps wishing that their eighteenth birthday had fallen just a year or two earlier.

The modern girl may indeed be above the egregious pastime of day dreaming which was so greatly indulged in by her predecessors of a decade or so ago, but even she may sometimes see a vision of a castle in Spain, may on an idle summer's afternoon, or sitting over a glowing fire on a winter's evening, picture to herself what it will be like to be a bride, and infallibly the wedding she dreams about in these fleeting moments is a brilliant one.

Little typists and shop girls, strap-hanging on their way back from work, will eagerly study the bridegroom's picture. If the wedding is to be held in London, hundreds of lonely women, living in clubs or boarding houses, will go and stand for hours in the cold or the rain in order to see the bride go by. They read through the lists of wedding presents, the description of the trousseau, the plans for the honeymoon, a little romance and colour come transiently into their lives; the monotony of office hours, the weariness and emptiness of long, lonely days are brightened by a new interest.

So, though in this age of would-be democracy old tradition may be looked down on as useless and out-of-date, there is still value to be found in youth, in romance and beauty—a value that is not entirely sentimental, but that has its practical significance.

Speaight

THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE, 1931: The second Viscount Harcourt, with his bride the Hon. Maud Elizabeth Grosvenor, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Ebury, married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS: The bridesmaids at the wedding of Captain A. H. Lonsdale and Miss Jean Hamilton Russell

THE BRIDESMAIDS at the marriage of Major the Hon. Cecil Weld-Forester, Royal Horse Guards, and Miss Priscilla Perrott

AT HOLY TRINITY, SLOANE STREET: Mr. Lewis Gretton Graham-Etgan and Miss Eira Wigan, daughter of the late Sir Frederick Wigan

Recent MARRIAGES *of the* PEERAGE

Lord Graham
Miss Seller (Autumn, 1930)

Lord Tiverton
Esmee Crichton-Stuart (Autumn, 1930)

Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton
Miss Pamela Bowes-Lyon

Lord Bury
Miss Diana Grove (Spring, 1931)

Recent ENGAGEMENTS *of the* PEERAGE

The Hon. Henry Douglas Home (son of Earl and Countess Home)
Lady Margaret Spencer

The Hon. Elwyn Rhys (son of Lord and Lady Dynevor)
Miss Diana Sloane-Stanley

Sir Gerard Fullar
Lady Fiona Pratt

THE SOCIAL THRONG

Dorothy Wilding

PRESENTED THIS WEEK: The Hon. Sheila Berry, the second daughter of Lord Camrose, the famous newspaper owner. Miss Berry is eighteen years old. Among the papers controlled by her father are The Sunday Times *and* The Daily Telegraph. *He shares many publishing houses with his brother, Sir Gomer Berry, Bt.*

THE EAST PAYS HOMAGE TO THE KING: The Sultan and Sultana of Johore leaving Grosvenor House for presentation at Buckingham Palace. Johore is a Malayan, not an Indian Sultanate

Douglas

ANGLO-AMERICAN: Lady Butterfield, the American-born wife of Sir Frederick Butterfield. She is on the committee of the Famous Beauties Ball to be held at the Dorchester on June 25. Lady Butterfield was, before her marriage, Miss Hilda Johnston, daughter of the late banker of the Middle West, Mr. John Johnston of Milwaukee

Lenare Douglas

LADIES AND FRIENDS: Mrs. Phillips, the daughter of Sir R. and Lady Kindersley, and Mrs. R. O. Porter, who is to play golf for Britain against France next autumn

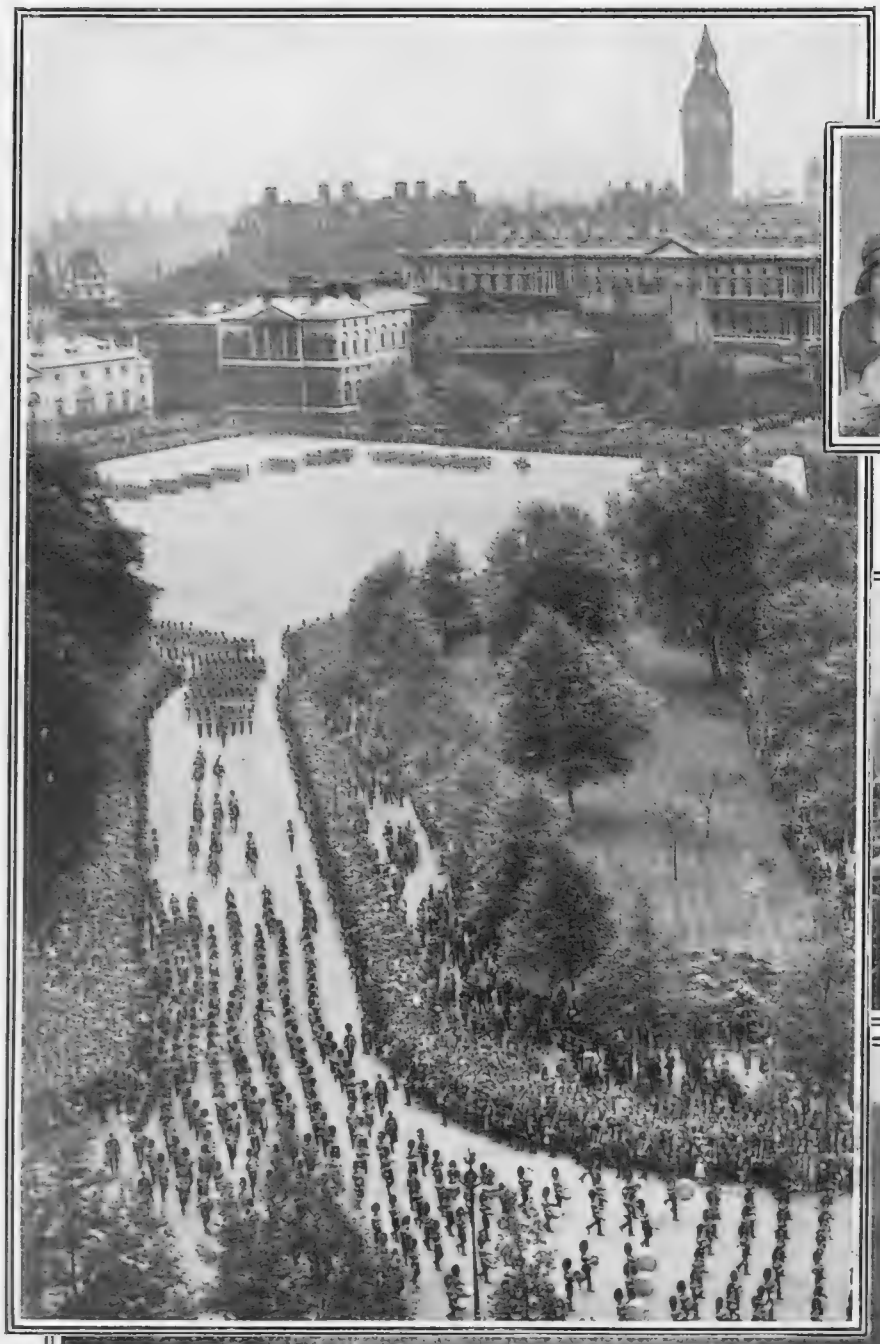
AT THE CHURCH OF MARRIAGES: Lady Patricia Moore, daughter of the Earl and Kathleen, Countess Drogheda, and Miss Margaret Wigham at St. Margaret's, Westminster, at the distinguished Harcourt-Grosvenor wedding last week

Hughes

A BREEDER OF CHOWS: Mrs. Devegney, the wife of the General Manager of the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane. Mrs. Devegney is becoming a famous figure in the dog world, having a kennel of the frequently, but ever unjustly, maligned black-tongued dogs

SUPPORTING LANCASHIRE: Lady Ossuston in the cotton frock she wore at Lady Peek's garden party last month, to which a score of London's loveliest women went in cotton to support the hard hit county's flagging industry

ROYALTY *and the*



ROYALTY AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: The Duke and Duchess o
Lady Annaly and Commander Harold Campbell. The party also included the
Lady Doune and her daughte

Inset above—FROM THE DUKE OF YORK'S MONUMENT: The Brigade of Guards moves away after the imposing and pageantful ceremony of the Trooping of the Colour. The King was with his Brigade for the first time for three years on this most impressive of rituals which mark the Royal birthday. It was watched—as usual—by a great crowd

THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR: The King, th
Connaught, the Earl of Harewood, and the Earl of A
It ranks as a birthday ceremonial, although, this year,
his natal day at the Derby. Foreign visitors to Engl
natio

e LONDON SEASON

ss of York with Princess Elizabeth. The Duke is wearing R.A.F. uniform. T.R.H. were attended by the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour and her children; the Hon. Michael Bowes-Lyon, the Hon. Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, hter, and the Hon. Luke and the Hon. Patricia White

THREE GENERATIONS OF ROYALTY: The Queen, the Duchess of York, and Princess Elizabeth go to the Trooping of the Colour

LONDON'S GARDEN CLUBS: Favourite haunts on fine days are Ranelagh, Hurlingham, and Roehampton. *Above*—Fencing on the lawn is seen at the first-named

, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Gloucester, Prince Arthur of f Athlone at the great ceremony held on Horse Guards' Parade on Saturday, June 6. ar, it was held three days after the actual date—the King, it will be recalled, spent England flock to the Trooping of the Colour which is to representatives of many nations a breath from another world

THE FOURTH LADY IN THE LAND: Princess Elizabeth is here seen at the Trooping of the Colour. A touch of imperiousness marks the little lady, who from early years has seemed to be conscious of her great position

ENTERTAINMENT

And Nine who have Contributed to Ours

A LEADER OF THE YOUNGER SET: The Hon. Mrs. David Tennant (Miss Hermione Baddeley), whose parties are famous

POPULAR IN PARIS AND LONDON: Miss Frances Day, cleverest of cabaret singers, who has returned to a season at Nash's after her success at the Monseigneur, Paris

Bertram Park

A RISING STAR: Miss Madeleine Carroll, known to stage and screen, who is now playing in "After All" at the Criterion

Peter North

A GRACIOUS PRESENCE OF THE STAGE: Miss Diana Wynyard, who is playing at the St. Martin's in "Lean Harvest"

THE LADY OF "IT": Miss Greta Garbo, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, whose name to millions is synonymous with the mystic letters "S.A." (sex appeal)

A LADY OF SONG: Miss Elizabeth Ryan, who sang a few days ago before the Prince of Wales at the Artists' Benevolent Institution dinner

THE LADY OF THE SAVOY: Miss Dorothy Dickson, whose performance in "Wonder Bar" has enhanced an already great reputation, Thespian, vocal, and Terpsichorean

LAWN TENNIS AND THE STAGE: Miss Nancy Barnett, one of the most noted of recruits from the "Cochran nursery," with her husband, Mr. Gerald Millard

THE ONLY WOMAN R.B.A.: Miss Alice Birton, who has had three pictures in the Paris Salon, with her admirable portrait of Mrs. Newbold, of East Grinstead

ROUSSEAU—The ROMANTIC REVOLUTIONARY

And Mr. Sewell Stokes Proves Anew that Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

As I grow older I am occasioned less and less surprise by the long arm of coincidence. Things we refuse to credit in novels arise in life again and again, so that anyone adhering to the real truth about things that have happened must be regarded as an imaginative embroiderer. The novelist knows this so well that he is severely restricted. If it is essential that two of his characters should meet at a given time and place, he cannot allow this by mere accident but must contrive a succession of events to make the meeting inevitable. "You should write a book about it," says the friend, hearing the extraordinary story, but the trained writer knows that it is the extraordinary story that cannot be told, the reader is too incredulous.

Once upon a time there was a Lieut.-Colonel David Roberts who had his hour of fame, not because he commanded the 51st Division at Vittoria, and gained Wellington's praise, but because, after receiving a bullet in the back, which was never extricated, he turned poet and woke up to find himself the talk of the town. Anyone who possesses a copy of *The Military Adventures of Johnny Newcombe, with an Account of his Campaign in the Peninsula and in Pall Mall* has a treasure, not for the sake of the verse, but for the illustrations which are by Rowlandson, and give value to the book.

In search of more information about Colonel Roberts I was delving one day in the old volumes of *The Gentleman's Magazine* of the year 1819, and at the foot of the Colonel's obituary notice I read: "There has just died on her estate at Ermenonville the Marquise de Girardin, the widow of the friend of Rousseau." Forty-eight hours before reading that statement I had for the first time heard of and been to Ermenonville. Until my visit Rousseau had been no more than a name to me. In this age of hurry famous writers mean little more than well-advertised names. We see them quoted and take them for granted. The *Confessions* of Rousseau is a book of formidable size, and yet there must still be readers of this work, once so revolutionary in its views, for a neat two volume edition has been added to the *Everyman Library*. Now, from the pen of C. E. Vulliamy, who gave us a most excellent study of Voltaire, comes a companion volume, *Rousseau* (Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.). It tells the life and outlines the times of this amazing, contemptible genius, vagabond-gigolo-mountebank-philosopher, sparing nothing, setting before our eyes one of the world's most astonishing figures. Mr. Vulliamy is well read, he forms his own opinions and, with an easy style, he combines a gift of sardonic humour. But I think he has a grudge against Morley, whose work on Rousseau is seldom quoted except to confute him. Morley kept his brain on ice and was ready to chill the enthusiasm of any reader, but in these days of inflamed writing so cool a prose retains its freshness.

Rousseau died thirteen years after completing his *Confessions*. In his last year, in that pathetic phase of his madness, when hostility had ceased and men were ready to help him, he received several offers of hospitality. One he accepted, and found refuge with the Marquis de Girardin on the glorious estate of Ermenonville, some 20 miles from Paris.

The Marquis de Girardin, descended from the famous Florentine family of the Gherardini, after his short career as a soldier and his attendance at the Court of Stanislas Leckzinski, King of Poland, inherited the vast domain of Ermenonville. He had already widely travelled, and some gardens he had visited near Birmingham gave him the idea of his enterprise at Ermenonville. He gathered together a group of Scotch gardeners, drew up the most elaborate plans, re-fashioned the old château, and proceeded to lay out his grounds as a tribute to Rousseau and his book, *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. Those grounds are astonishing now; they were still more astonishing in the time of Rousseau. Of their thirty-six "curiosities" thirty still remain, among them the château, the fountain, the little lake, the grotto of the Naiads, the temple of Philosophy, the Arcadian Meadow, the Tour Gabrielle, and the Island of Poplars with the tomb of Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

The property came into the possession of the late Prince Léon Radziwill, thus continuing the Polish tradition, and was left to his nephew, Count Armand de la Rochefoucauld. When signing my name in his guest book he pointed out a list of unofficial guests. More than anything I had ever seen they brought back to me the reality of the Great War. In the great sweep *nach* Paris in August, 1914, the German advance guard had reached Ermenonville, and German officers, who had then occupied the château, had inscribed their names in the book. Three days later there appear on the same page the names of six British officers. The tide of invasion had receded, and the British were on the heels of the enemy. I am glad to state the Germans perpetrated no vandalism during their uninvited stay. Were they restrained by the example of another German on the soil of France? In 1815, Blücher of Waterloo, an inveterate hater of France, arrived with his troops at Plessis. Opening a map he found that he was only a few miles away from Ermenonville. He at once inquired if this was the place where Rousseau had died and was buried on the island of poplars. On being assured that it was, he declared: "So long as there are Prussians in France it shall be free from the ravages of war." He then approached the tomb, uncovering his head, and commanded his troops to show the greatest respect to the monument. The chronicler of this event adds slily: "*Au cours de la grande Guerre les Allemands, dans leur marche précipitée n'eurent probablement le temps ni de rendre hommage à Rousseau ni d'en dévaster les souvenirs.*" What a delicious thrust!

Rousseau was not destined to enjoy his earthly paradise for long. At sixty-six he was a man bent with miseries and the weight of years. Yet he arose every morning at five o'clock, and took his walk by the border of the lake he loved. Once, to his great delight, the Marquis brought to the island, with its whispering poplars, a company of musicians. Rousseau expressed the wish that he might be buried there. It was fulfilled, but in 1794, in the full tide of the Revolution, in a misguided hour of enthusiasm, his body, as Voltaire's, was taken in triumph to Paris and hidden in the grim Panthéon. Now only the empty tomb with its graceful design marks the resting-place of the sad philosopher. It is a pity that Mr. Vulliamy did not know of the existence of M. Volbertal's guide and souvenir of Ermenonville. It contains a full and most interesting account of the coming of Rousseau to his last retreat and of his final hours. If any of my readers want a delightful excursion from Paris I could not do better than recommend them to make the trip to Ermenonville, where the grounds with their ornamental decorations and their highly historical interests richly reward the visitor. And when they make that visit a prior reading of Mr. Vulliamy's engrossing study of the grand eccentric will enhance the pleasure of the trip.

The fame of a critic is a short-lived thing. Already the name and work of William Archer are unknown to the present generation that follows the alert opinion of Mr. James Agate and Mr. St. John Ervine. There will be some who will find interest in *William Archer*, a biography by Lieut.-Colonel Archer (Allen and Unwin. 6s.). His boyhood in Australia, days in Norway and Italy, his early recognition of Ibsen, and his propaganda that developed into a cult, together with his friendships with the younger school of those days, Barrie, Shaw, etc., are pleasantly related with numerous letters, including many from Stevenson. At the end of his life hs sprang a great surprise on himself and his friends by writing a thriller, *The Green Goddess*, which brought success to himself and to George Arliss. The courage of the end was in keeping with his character, quiet, firm, the student of drama both on the stage and off.

Volume Two, by Katherine Mayo (Cape. 7s. 6d.), is another solemn contribution to the great and fearless work of a woman whose patient investigation of the Indian scene has already had its effect. She now returns to the subject of child marriage and investigates the Sarda "Bill to restrain the solemnization of Child Marriage." It proves to be nothing but a piece of bluff. Thirty million Indian girls are married before their fourteenth birthday and over 2,000,000 are married under nine. Over 3,000,000 die each year in childbirth. "Immediate murder," Miss Mayo calls it, without exaggeration. She now reveals the propaganda undertaken in the United States to counteract her revelations. The book presents a formidable case with the restraint that characterized *Mother India*.

In her new novel, *The Sophisticates* (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.), Miss Gertrude Atherton returns to the domestic novel. This time her scene is set in the Middle West, and has a murder as the centre of her interest. Melton Abbey, a typical young American wife, dedicated to culture and cocktails, lives in contempt of her elderly husband, a banker, and loses no opportunity of making him appear ridiculous. When his death proves to be one of murder she is charged with the crime, and her sophisticated circle are quite ready to believe that she is as ready with the poison as with the lipstick. She is acquitted and marries the man of her choice. Miss Atherton treats smart modern life in the Middle West with sardonic humour. There is scarcely a pleasant character in the book, but as a comment on an age of rush it is ruthless and vivid.

Mr. Sewell Stokes has presented himself in the rôle of a lion-tamer in his book of interviews with the famous *Hear the Lions Roar* (Shaylor. 7s. 6d.). It bears a dedication to Mr. Beverley Nichols. The debt should certainly be acknowledged. Mr. Stokes has followed so sedulously in his footsteps that not only are the chapter headings copied from the now famous *Twenty-Five*, but I even hear echoes of its passages. On Noel Coward, thus—

NICHOLS.	STOKES.
Is it decadent to go on the stage as a little boy, and fight, and fight, and fight. . . . Is it decadent to go on writing without money, without encouragement, with very few friends, always in the dim hope that one day perhaps . . . and when success comes, at the age of twenty-five, to work harder than ever?	Wasn't it brave to go on the stage as a little boy, away from home, and fight, fight, fight? Brave, too, to go on writing plays, without money, with few friends, with no encouragement, always in the hope that one day . . . and now that day has come, isn't it perhaps even braver to continue working harder than ever before?

I find Mr. Stokes even more distressing when he is expressing opinions which are his own and not other people's. His method appears to be that of begging an interview with his victim, of making him the hero or the lion of the hour, until he arrives at the next house where his importunity gains him entrance. He then feels nothing but contempt for his last victim. Visiting Ethel Mannin and Elinor Glyn, he has great admiration for them, but arriving at the house of Dame Laura Knight, the painter, he writes: "Women novelists are really now as common as weeds in an ill-kept garden. Without any excuse the busy little creatures pour out 85,000 words, have them typed, and then hope for the best. Unfortunately the 'best' often happens to them. Nowadays it is easy for any woman to become a novelist of sorts, the sort who earns while she learns. It is simple for her to get herself talked about by reviewers." And interviewers, one might add, reading Mr. Stokes's pages. I am sorry to be so severe with this book, but it is an exhibition of really bad taste, the more regrettable because Mr. Stokes has enterprise, a love of life, a quick eye, and a sharp tongue. The lions he has caged neither show their teeth nor lash their tails. And I am certain Mr. Stokes would be better employed establishing himself instead of catching the eye of the "great" with his pocket mirror. Also one libel must be refuted. He tells us all publishers declare that other publishers do not know how to sell books. I have had an extensive experience of these gentlemen. Never have I heard them say a derogatory word about one another. Barabbas, perhaps (though again I deny the charge), but certainly honour among thieves. I am glad that Mr. Stokes redeems himself with his last study of Radclyffe Hall, in which he displays both sense and courage and exposes a disgraceful hullabaloo.

Recommended List:

Reminiscences of Lord Kilbracken (MacMillan. 10s. 6d. net).—Life at Oxford, in the House, as Secretary to Gladstone—a splendid showing of the late Victorians, and a close-up portrait of the Gladstones.

Jack Hobbs's Own Story (Gollancz. 3s. 6d. net).—The cricketer tells of his Test matches' experiences. It is well illustrated.

Three Yards of Cord, *by Collin Brooks* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net).—A very grim thriller concerning the death of Kitty McVeagh.

Saddle-room Sayings, *by William Fawcett* (Constable. 8s. 6d. net).—Much wisdom on horses in the field, the stable, and the paddock. Splendidly illustrated.

The Expensive Halo, *by Gordon Daviot* (Benn. 7s. 6d. net).—A lively London comedy of two families, one in Camden Town, the other in Mayfair, by the author of *Kif*.

Manon Lescaut (Constable. 15s. net).—A translation from the original text of 1731 done with great fidelity and exquisitely produced.

Modern First Editions, *by G. Fabes and A. Foyle* (Foyle. 15s. net).—A list and guide for the first edition collector.

The Red Indian (Studio. 5s. net).—A series of reproductions in colour of Currier and Ives's famous prints.

SUMMER COMES IN TOWN & COUNTRY

SUMMER SPIRITS : Pupils from Miss Maxwell's school play round a visionary mulberry bush amid the blossoming trees

PETS AND PETS : Master David Blaxter, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Blaxter, and Miss Diana Bingen, daughter of Mrs. Eric Bingen, with their dogs

THE CLOUT - CASTING SEASON : May is out even in dusty London ; in Sussex it must be seen to be believed

IDYLL IN KENSINGTON GARDENS : Master Brian Gollance, Master Geoffrey and Master Martin Rowlands, and Master Robin Goddard form with their nurses an enchanting group in Kensington Gardens

RUSHING THROUGH BLOSSOM TO THE SEA : The Brighton express thunders along on its high embankment athwart the exquisitely burdened trees. In the foreground is Miss Vera Sherburn, the distinguished actress

THIS MECHANICAL AGE : Miss Susan Watmough, Master Claud Schmetzler, and Master Michael Ingrams compare the speeds of three wheels and four in Kensington Gardens. Young Claud believes definitely in the extra wheel !

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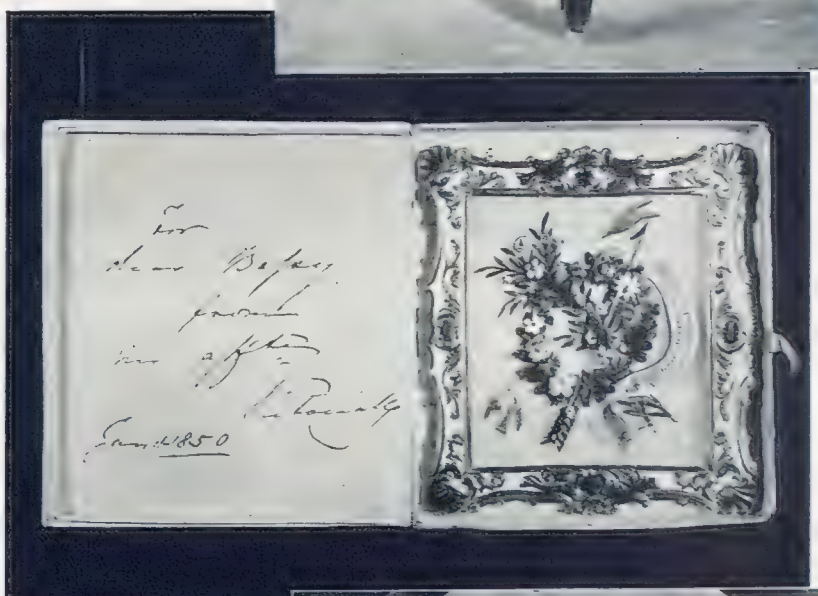
ART *of the* HOUR

Victorianism Comes Into Its Own Again

IN AID OF "BARTS": The Victorian Exhibition opened this week at 23A, Bruton Street, lent by Mr. Behar. The house itself is definitely early-Victorian and has been arranged to illustrate the domestic life of 1837–57. This shows the drawing-room, in which hitherto unexhibited pictures and royal relics—including the Prince Consort's piano at Buckingham Palace—are exhibited



PAPIER MACHÉ: A typically Victorian tray illustrating "The Marriage Contract," signed Jennens and Bettridge, lent by Mr. N. E. Lamplugh and, *on right,* a New Year's card sent by Queen Victoria to Marchioness Douro in 1850, lent by Lord Gerald Wellesley. *Inset above on right* is a Victorian chair in *papier maché* with a musical seat. It plays two, as yet, unidentified tunes and (a late addition) "Alexander's Ragtime Band"

PAINTED ON GLASS. A rare curio of the Age of Reason—the eighteenth century. It is a painting on glass recently exhibited at the Blairman Gallery which was visited by the Queen. There is a distinct vogue for such "glasses" at the moment and hunting scenes—the most popular—fetch three-figure prices

"MISS JOAN INGRAM": An interesting example of the art of Herbert Gurschner, the Tyrolean painter, whose striking one-man show at the Fine Art Society was opened by the Austrian Minister this week

PLAYS OF THE PRESENT SEASON BY PHILIP PAGE

"The Geisha" Again.

In order to enjoy a really good laugh at *The Geisha* one would, I imagine, have to be a Japanese. Since I, at any rate, would find the transformation difficult, I must perforce continue to regard Orientalized musical comedy through Occidental eyes. Besides, nothing is so staunchly British as a British musical play about Eastern peoples, particularly one produced in the 'nineties. For in those Diamond Jubilee-ish days dramatists were treating the Japanese with a certain degree of good-humoured contempt, and the late T. W. H. Crosland, switching from the Unspeakable Scot, was, not long after, to refer to "a gentleman of Japan" as "a stunted, lymphatic, yellow-faced heathen, with a mouthful of teeth three sizes too big for him, bulging slits where his eyes ought to be, blacking-brush hair, a foolish giggle, a cruel heart, and the conceit of the devil, notorious for his guile, his ugliness, and his comic-opera existence in a land of cherry blossom, paper lanterns, and barnyard morals." We are much more polite now, and if we have not the right view we have ceased to have the Huntley Wright view of that part of the globe.

"MY FRIEND ELISABETH": An instantaneous impression of the well-known song in "Wonder Bar" at the Savoy

Not only for this reason does *The Geisha*, revived at Daly's, its old home, date. But I do not think Mr. Bannister Howard need worry about that, since I have rarely known a musical comedy seem so old fashioned as *The Belle of New York* when it cropped up again, and that revival has proved so profitable that it has survived removal to another theatre. In each case the tunes are good and the story of *The Geisha* is not, like that of the *Belle*, exasperatingly foolish. Indeed, *The Geisha's* tunes are so good that on the Continent they treat the work quite seriously and play it as a grand opera. I cannot hope again to enjoy the old piece so much as I did on one occasion in Madrid, when a Spanish prima donna sang "The Amorous Goldfish" at half its proper pace and added trills and roulades on her own account.

The present Daly's cast is competent, and perhaps a little more. Miss Rose Hignell, who served a long apprenticeship in *Lilac Time*, lacks piquancy, but she is a pleasant, fresh singer, and Mr. Donald Mather is a good tenor and an actor who is improving. Miss Lorna Hubbard puts plenty of vivacity into the part of Mollie Seamore. It was impossible to see Mr. Leo Sheffield in a Japanesy atmosphere without thinking of his Pooh-Bah and of comic opera that is not for an age but for all time. But it is only fair to Mr. Sidney Jones, who conducted the overture on the opening night, to say that as a melodist he does not come so very far short of Sullivan, though the contributions of the late Lionel Monckton to this score should not be forgotten.

"The Sign of the Seven Dials."

Mr. Archibald de Bear lacks neither shrewdness nor a sense of humour, and I have little doubt but that at the present moment his production at the Cambridge Theatre, *The Sign of the Seven Dials*, is vastly different from what it was on the first night, that is to say, if a still more drastic step has not been taken. I trust it has since been decided to pull it together and alter it to such an extent that it has settled down into a success of the *Chelsea Follies* calibre. I can, however, only write of what I saw, and that, apart from the appearance of Mr. Seymour Hicks in a couple of one-act plays, was not very promising. Mr. Hicks was merely taking part in a variety programme, and his contributions can be considered on their merits, which are very great. But when Mr. Hicks or any other famous actor or actress appears in a music-hall they have with them on the bill sundry other turns who are well known, *and the prices are cheap.* The prices at the Cambridge are not cheap and the rest of the bill is (or was, when I saw it) inferior in quality even to the good folk in smaller type at the democratic Palladium or Alhambra.

What was, in my opinion, another error of judgment was to mingle the subtle with sheer tomfoolery which was not always amusing tomfoolery. Mr. Hicks is for the highly sophisticated, especially when he is in the Guitry vein. And first night audiences are usually pretty sophisticated, anyway. Yet, after that polished trifle, "The Temptation of Anthony," we were plunged into concert-party stuff which, with some exceptions, was not even good of its kind. An imitation of a railway engine was incredibly puerile, and it was with a relief that one could turn to Miss Elizabeth Pollock's imitations of Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss—I mean Dame—Sybil Thorndike, and Miss Marion Lorne, which were more life-like and far more amusing. Mr. Ronald Frankau had a detached and hesitating manner as *compère* which was genuinely funny for a bit; he made the mistake of letting us see too much of him. Mr. Billy Leonard is a true droll, but he had nothing whatever to be droll in—or about. Mr. Raymond Newell's singing was admirable, and was one of the assets of an entertainment which is possibly now busy accumulating a larger stock of them. But in these days in the revue world it has usually to be a question of hit or miss—a bull's-eye or the outer darkness.

TYROLEAN: The original sketch of the character created in "Autumn Crocus" at the Lyric by Mr. Frederick Ranalou

Ruth Draper.

One of the few people on the stage to whom the term genius may be legitimately applied—so often is it tossed carelessly to anyone who shows one spark of originality or cleverness—is Miss Ruth Draper. Unlike other American ladies who give entertainments on much the same lines, she does not possess a comic name and can always rely on filling her stalls. She has returned to the Vaudeville, the stalls floor of which is long and narrow, like a shooting-gallery. Yet from the very back of it I could detect the personality of this uncannily gifted woman making itself felt, and (a more mundane but not unimportant point) one could hear every word she said.

Miss Draper, when she is very, very serious, is impressive. When she gives her little studies of the women we know so well, she is irresistible. These rarely reach the stage of caricature—the great lady opening a bazaar being an exception—yet they are not merely photographic and therefore dull. My favourite portrait is that of "Miss Nichols, the private secretary."

CARINTHIAN: The original sketch of the character created by Mr. Francis Lederer in "Autumn Crocus" at the Lyric. Both sketches are by Herr Herman J. Kaufmann of Berlin

The Opera.

Two opera seasons continue in full swing, that at the Lyceum being mainly notable for some superb performances of *Boris Godounoff*, the only Russian opera without a single dull spot in it. From Covent Garden the Germans have departed and the atmosphere has become Italian and more emotional. It was a laudable notion to dig up some early Verdi and show us *La Forza del Destino*, which Covent Garden has never given before, though it was written as long ago as 1862. The reason why it has been nearly seventy years in reaching Bow Street is, I fancy, the same reason which caused *Roussalka* to be such an unconscionable time in reaching this country at all—namely, that it is not a work of absorbing interest. The story is long, gory, and complicated, and the operatic convention is here a trifle trying. At the same time, *La Forza del Destino* is full of good tunes, and Colonel Blois assembled the finest company of Italian singers the world could muster to show them off at their best. Madame Rosa Ponselle is a glorious artist, and Signor Franci and Signor Pertile in the famous duet were unforgettable.

Over thirty years separate *La Forza* from *Falstaff*, which Verdi wrote when he was eighty. The Covent Garden production could hardly have been better, and it is a pity it was not more strongly supported. But for some inscrutable reason this has never been a popular opera. "We always get good houses for *Falstaff* in Halifax," young John Barbirolli, the conductor, told me.

"Marry at Leisure."

I am inclined to call this play not *Marry at Leisure* but *Marie at Work*. For, although I do not agree with the severe treatment handed out to it in some quarters and think that it has a sporting chance of changing the sickening run of bad luck the Haymarket has recently experienced, it really is not at all a good play. Without Miss Marie Tempest it would be unthinkable. Rarely have I known a comedy produced at "the premier comedy theatre of the world" so poorly constructed, so untidy, and in some respects so silly. Is Mr. Frank Vosper, who has written good plays in the past, losing his knack? Or is he writing too much? I suspect the latter. *Marry at Leisure* gives the impression that the author is working so hard that he has not had time to revise it and to pick up the loose ends of a not very edifying story of illegitimacy (a nineteen-year-old daughter, by the way, is not made legitimate by the sudden marriage of her parents in order that she may be received by "the county") and the squabblings of a middle-aged couple.

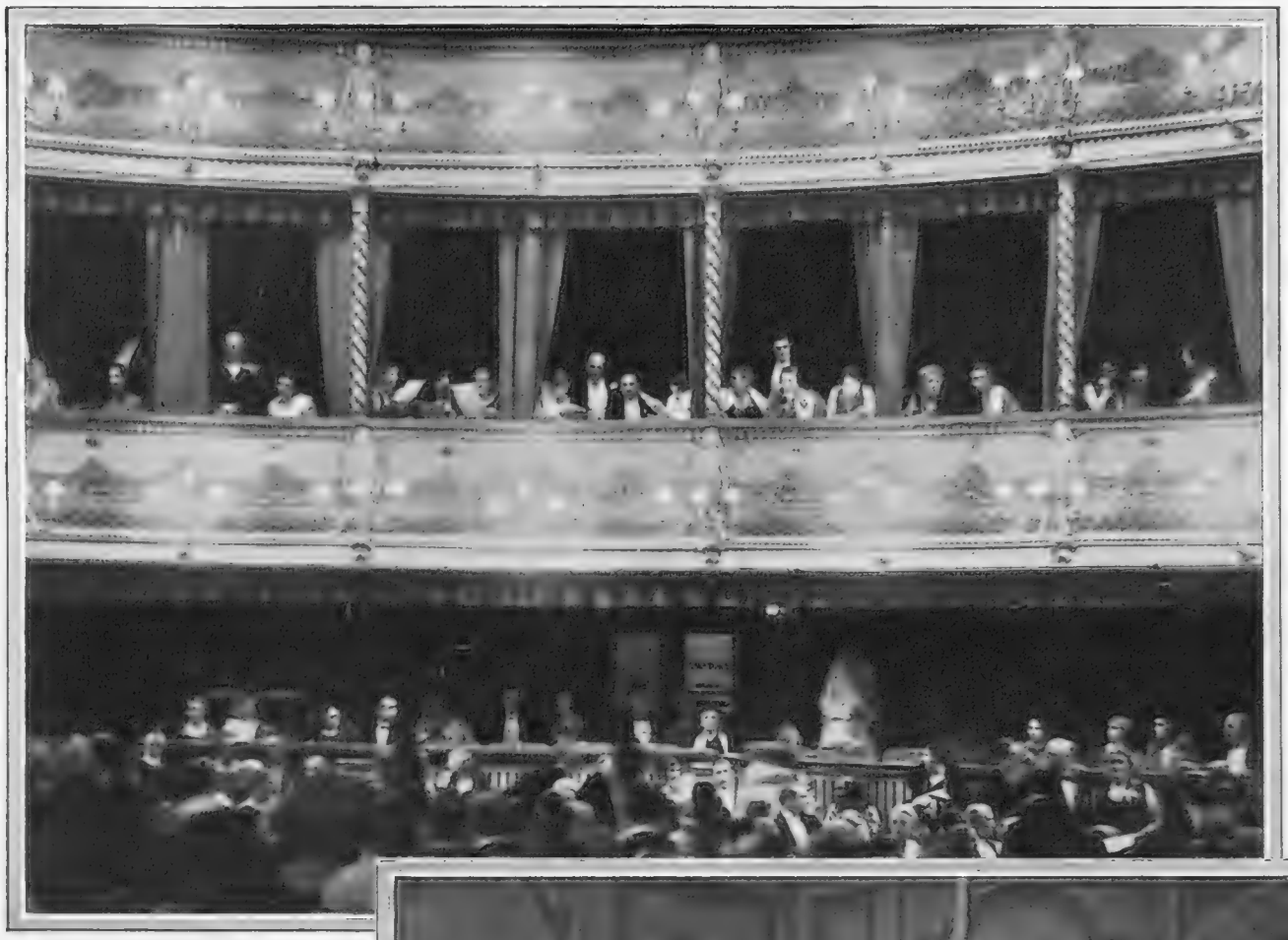
The play's procedure is living in sin, marriage, misunderstandings, the parting, and the inevitable reconciliation. And it moves rather slowly.

On the credit side is Miss Tempest working like a Trojan. She carries the thing along with enchanting brilliance and can make a very ordinary line sound like a shaft of heaven-sent wit. There is an amusing scene in which that admirable actor, Mr. Marcus Barron, scores as an elderly peer. And there is Mr. Graham Browne to hover about efficiently, to play his scenes with Miss Tempest with the smooth perfection born of long experience.

JESS OAKROYD: Mr. Eaward Chapman in the role of the man from Brudaersfield in the author's and Edward Knoblock's dramatization of J. B. Priestley's "The Good Companions" at His Majesty's

OPERA at COVENT GARDEN and BALLET and OPERA at the LYCEUM

Pictures of **Die Fledermaus** and **Roussalka** by the Special "Sphere" Process



THE CIRCLE OF MUSIC: The boxes at Covent Garden. In the Metropolitan Opera House of New York the first (box) circle is termed (for obvious reasons) the Diamond Horseshoe

ROSALINDE: Fräulein Lotte Lehmann sings in Die Fledermaus

OPERA IN BUSTLES AND TAILS: A moment from the ballroom scene of Die Fledermaus, *Strauss's delightful opera*

THE ORIENTAL OPULENCE OF RUSSIA: A moment from Roussalka, *one of the great Slav operas, which form the repertoire of the season at the Lyceum, which ends on June 27. Sir Thomas Beecham is conducting*

FASHION *in a* SUMMER MOOD

A Medley of Chic Gowns for Day and Evening Wear Typifying the Trend of Present Day Fashions

A charming gown of black and white plaided crêpe de chine. The bodice, which is trimmed with a scarf, collar, and revers in white, gives the effect of a waistcoat. A chic hat of black straw trimmed at the side completes the ensemble

This chic black and white ensemble is a happy notion for summer days, for the frock, which has short scalloped sleeves, is made of a heavy silk material, while the coat is composed of a warmer woollen fabric. A fine open-work straw is the medium selected for the hat. Richard Sands

Original sleeves which are detached from the frock itself and two soft frills just below the waist-line are interesting features of this chic gown, which is carried out in spotted white muslin

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

This original garden party frock comes from Gorringe's. It is carried out in light blue satin and deep cream lace, and worn with a black hat

London at this time of the year is a very bright and busy place, and the Season is at last in full swing. The shops are gay with delightful summer frocks, with glorious flimsy fabrics, with hats beflowered and beribboned.

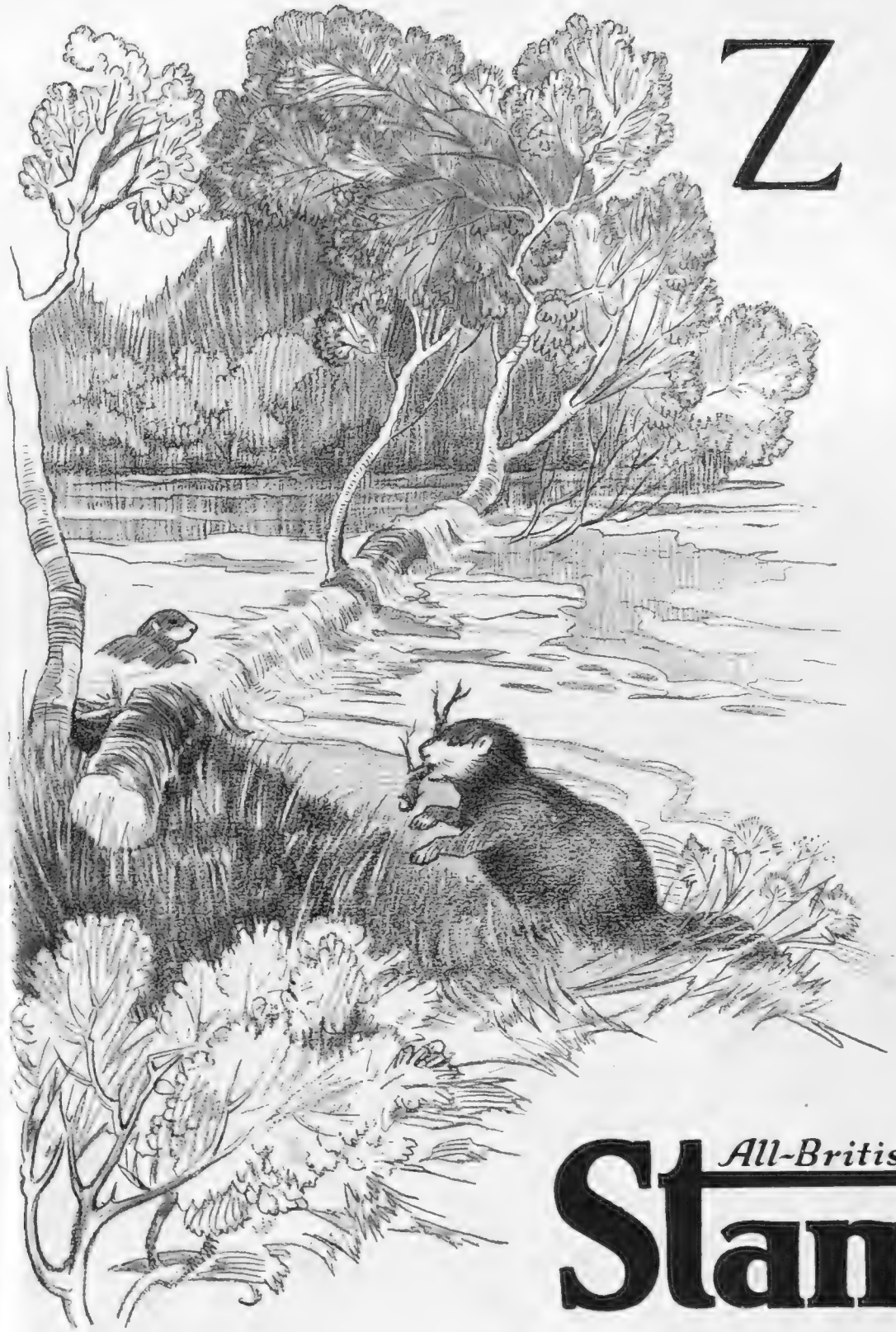
It seems we are once again to wear the materials of our nursery days, for now the really chic woman is donning the almost forgotten dimity and lawns, linens and madras. At the Galeries Lafayette I was shown a large selection of summer fabrics. Vying for popularity with the materials just named is silk organdie in various pastel shades, or a printed silk organdie carried out in a variety of attractive designs, whilst printed doupions and shantungs are proving very popular mediums for the simpler summer frocks.

To-day every woman realizes that no less important than the clothes she wears is the manner of wearing them, and that unless the foundation is correct little success can be expected from even the very smartest frock or suit. This realization no doubt accounts for the popularity of the well-known Kestos brassière—a garment that is scientifically designed to give the correct uplift and to hold the figure in the natural position while allowing complete freedom of movement. This brassière, which is undiscernible beneath the thinnest garment, is adjusted by means of a special buckle and snaps. It is made in a large variety of materials including crêpe de chine, jap silk, and Alençon lace. For the first time this brassière is being sold for the low price of 3s. 11d.

A large range of belts and girdles are also designed by the same firm; a particularly practical garment for the medium figure is the Kestos brassière vest, made of Celanese locknit, with detachable suspenders; it is unboned and delightfully comfortable, but just gives that minimum of support which is advisable for even the slimmest figure.

Another illustration shows a summer ensemble in black and white from Richard Sands of Sloane Street, where I was recently shown a number of charming summer frocks and woollen sports clothes.

MARJORIE DAY.



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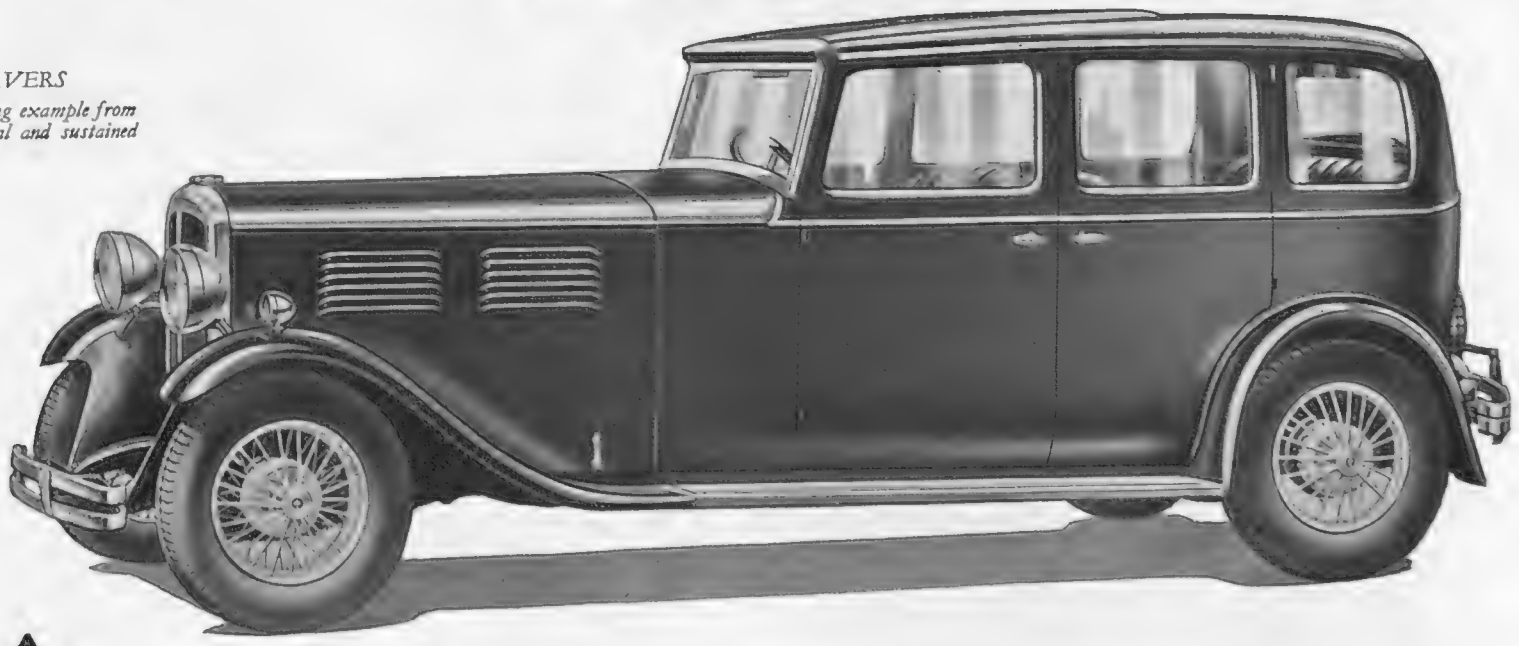

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THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LTD COVENTRY

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

SPEEDING-UP FOR SAFETY.—A correspondent has written to me taking strong exception to my suggestion that the loiterer in the car should be hauled up for dangerous driving. I notice also that the Earl of Cottenham, who recently gave a broadcast talk as Chairman of the Order of the Road on using speed *properly*, has also found himself attacked by many people who have rushed into print in order to accuse him of inciting motorists to drive dangerously. As a matter of fact Lord Cottenham and I, without any collusion, have been advocating exactly the same thing, except that we have expressed ourselves in different ways. For some reason or other a large proportion of the population imagines that speed is dangerous which, of course, is a totally erroneous supposition. Supposing I have a clear road, why should I not travel over any given stretch of it at 100 m.p.h. provided I can stop before I inconvenience anyone else? In other words, brakes are the whole crux of the matter. When motor-cars first made their appearance a speed of 20 m.p.h. was probably quite dangerous because the brakes in those days were not sufficient to pull the car up in a safe distance. To-day, cars are far more controllable and brakes are better, and if we go on at the present rate of progress I feel certain that before many decades have passed 100 m.p.h. will be quite a normal speed. I, therefore, quite agree with Lord Cottenham that people should use speed provided they do so properly, and that qualifying word is most important. I know cars, and I know people who, if they were driving, would be a danger to all concerned, including themselves, if they travelled at 40 m.p.h. or over.

The authorities have at last begun to recognize that motor traffic must be speeded up, otherwise the abolition of the 20-m.p.h. limit would never have received the approval of Parliament. One need not be a prophet to foresee that in the time to come no one will be able to get outside their front gate on main roads at week-ends unless traffic is considerably accelerated. The banking of corners to which I referred recently is a plain indication that our road authorities now intend to let cars travel as fast as possible so as to accommodate the maximum number of vehicles on the roads. In advocating speed I want to make it quite clear that I do not ask anyone to travel quicker than they think their skill entitles them to do.

"DO UNTO OTHERS——"—The correspondent to whom I referred asks why he should not be allowed to crawl along the Portsmouth Road on a fine Sunday looking at the beautiful view. My answer is that if I am a pedestrian and I want to feast my eyes on a succession of landscapes I do not walk along the permanent way of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway. Our main roads, particularly at week-ends, are used by the majority of people to get from one point to another in the quickest possible time. The whole government of our nation is based on the principle "the greatest good for the greatest number," and that is the reason why I definitely say that the loiterer should not be permitted to cause an obstruction on a busy thoroughfare. At the same time I have no desire whatever to rob my correspondent or any of those motorists who want to appreciate roadside scenery of their pleasure. I therefore suggest that the proper place for them to exercise their enjoyment is on the by-ways where the views are far more entrancing than on the arterial roads.

EXHIBITING ABROAD.—I am informed by Rolls-Royce, Ltd., that in the seven months following the Paris Show they appeared at no fewer than nine International Exhibitions, namely, Amsterdam, Milan, Berlin, Sydney, Paris, Geneva, Prague, Brussels, and Buenos Aires. It is certainly good news that one of our leading manufacturers realizes that the British market is only the nursery to their business, and that there are thousands of people overseas who will buy their goods provided they are given an opportunity of seeing and testing them. During my last tour on the Continent, the Rolls-Royce was the only car that I saw in three countries: France, Germany, and Holland. This go-ahead policy of exhibiting at these various motor-shows is undoubtedly the reason why there are owners of this well-known car in the countries I have mentioned as well as in other parts of the world. I am convinced that foreigners on the continent of Europe would buy British cars in large numbers if the various manufacturers would only follow the example of Rolls-Royce, Ltd. In addition to exhibiting, however, it is also important to have showrooms at least in the capitals of the various European countries, and at these depôts there should be a stock of spare parts and qualified mechanics to give customers the necessary service.

THE PRIZEWINNER: The 20-h.p. Sunbeam fitted with a Rally Weymann saloon body owned by Captain Fred Bell, which secured first prize in its class in the Concours d'Elégance held at Monte Carlo recently

G.E.C.—One of the most difficult problems for the motorist is the carrying of spare bulbs, but this has now been solved by Osram (G.E.C.), which has produced a type of case in strong steel-finished black crystalline japan. The form of the case includes a specially-shaped interior into which the bulbs bed beneath a padded lid which holds them so firm that the most severe vibration cannot damage them. The cases (which cost only 3s. each without bulbs) are made in two sizes: (1) 6½ in. by 4 in. by 2¼ in., holding two headlights (up to 36 watts), two side or tail, one festoon, and one ignition indicator; (2) 6½ in. by 4 in. by 2¼ in., containing headlight bulbs of 48 watts or over, but otherwise the same equipment.

COVENTRY

"What is this Summer Shell?"

Counsel: "M'lud, the blend of Shell petrol is seasonally adjusted to suit warm weather, just as in winter time it is adjusted to cold weather"

His Lordship: "Ah, tempering the petrol to the shorn lamb I suppose?"

(loud laughter)

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The petrol that is seasonally blended to suit the prevailing temperature and by the way, to be up-to-date you must Shellubricate too

Stuarts

THE PROMISE OF SUMMER SUGGESTS

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Here is an All-Weather Two-Four-Seater, the New FORD Cabriolet

EMINENTLY presentable in its open form, it is just as smart when closed. The hood folds neatly, compactly. The windows can be left up or down. And the concealed seat affords really comfortable, roomy accommodation for two grown-ups. It *is* a seat, and not a mere perching-place.

Safely Speedy, Economically Efficient, Embodying the Lessons Learned in Building 20,000,000 Motor Vehicles, This is but One of Half a Dozen Models of the New FORD. At works, Manchester £210 (14.9 h.p. £5 extra).

EQUIPMENT

Safety glass windscreen, four hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers, four-wheel brakes, front and rear bumpers, five detachable wheels and tyres, cellulose and stainless steel finish, combination stop and tail light, dash light, thief-proof ignition lock, speedometer, petrol gauge, automatic windscreen-wiper, grease-gun lubrication, and full kit of tools. Easily adjustable, compact-folding hood. In the rear is a comfortable, roomy dickey seat.

LINCOLN Ford FORDSON

AIRCRAFT

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Here is a cutting from "The Polo Monthly," being an extract from an article on the "PLUS RILEY" contributed by CAPT. W. GORDON ASTON

For sure it has a marvellous little power plant. There seems to be no end to its cheerfully fluent power, and do what you will with it is as happy as it makes its driver. Prodigies of acceleration can be done on that silent third, which was the first of its kind ever to be introduced and for the design of which the Riley Co. cannot be given too much credit. Gear changing, by the way, is so simple (even at high speeds) that the most "ham-handed" could hardly make a mess of it.

The whole handling of the car is excellent. Steering light and sure; brakes sensitive, smooth and yet, when required, immensely powerful, all the controls arranged exactly how and where they ought to be.

To the design of the bodywork—this is a neat four-door four-light job, with built-in luggage "tail"—I can give unstinted praise. It is thoroughly practical and of really compelling excellence. I may mention here that a wealthy acquaintance of mine who recently purchased one of the most expensive chassis on the market has instructed his very exclusive (and costly) coachbuilder not to waste his time getting out elaborate conceptions of his own, but to follow, just as nearly as ever he can, the lines of the fascinating little Biarritz. Imitation is not always the sincerest form of flattery, but in this instance its sincerity is above question.

When writing ask for catalogues and copy of "The Riley Record" our monthly magazine.

Now wouldn't you like to test a car like this? It is "the car that depreciates least." Demonstrations arranged by

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COVENTRY.

LONDON:
42, North Audley Street, W.1

Remember, there are Riley Sixes too, and that there is a Riley Marine Engine you should know about.

"PLUS" MONACO SALOON £298
Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass standard

AN IDEAL ATTAINED: The Standard Ensign Six special fabric saloon which retails at the remarkably low price of £275, yet whose performance rivals that of many cars costing three times that sum

The PETROL World—(Cont.)

The STANDARD ENSIGN SIX

A Car Biography

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

A GENERAL FAVOURITE. — The popularity of Standard cars at the moment is the envy of many of their competitors who probably wonder why the public should keep on ordering these particular cars. After having had a week-end on one of these Standard Ensign Six's, I have no hesitation in saying that the present popularity this car enjoys is merely a foretaste of what it is going to be when more people have tried it for themselves. I suppose one of the most difficult tasks that could be put to a motoring correspondent would be to ask him to draw up a rough specification of the ideal popular motor-car. If I were confronted with such a question I would say that this ideal car must be roomy enough for five people, have a saloon body with a sliding roof, four doors, good acceleration, a maximum speed of 55 m.p.h., a 6-cylinder engine cheap to run, easy to drive, and must be sold at about £300. This ideal specification embraces the Standard Ensign Six.

Before driving the car I lifted up the bonnet and made quite certain how many cylinders the engine possessed, for on a previous occasion I very nearly made a terrible mistake by imagining that a smooth-running 4-cylinder was a six. I have to confess that I was not very smitten with the appearance of the power unit. It looked rough and rather untidy, so that when I got behind the wheel and started on my journey I anticipated a lumpy engine and one rather lacking every degree of refinement. By the time I had covered ten miles I knew that my anticipations had missed the mark widely. Since then I have covered another 200 miles, and I can truthfully assert that I have never sat behind a more pleasant power unit. It has a very wide range of revolutions, and at no point could I discover the slightest trace of vibration. No super-car ever had a smoother or more silent engine, and it had the ability to pull well at low as well as at high speeds. On the speedometer the maximum I reached was 58 m.p.h., but I believe that I could have bettered that figure had circumstances permitted.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the STANDARD "ENSIGN SIX"

Engine—6 Cylinders.
Bore and Stroke—65·5 mm. and 102 mm.
Cubic Capacity—2,054 cc.
Carburetter—Solex.
Ignition—Coil and Battery.
Clutch—Single Dry Plate.
Gear-box—Four Forward Speeds and Reverse.
Transmission.—Tubular Type, two All-metal Universal Joints, Spiral Bevel Back Axle.
Brakes—Foot and Hand Brakes on all Four Wheels.
Electrical Equipment—12 volts. Finger-tip Control.
Petrol Supply—9 Gallon Rear Tank. A-C Pump.
Annual Tax—£16.
Price—£275 (Model Tested).

Manufacturers:
THE STANDARD MOTOR CO., LTD., CANLEY, COVENTRY, ENGLAND.

GEARS AND SUSPENSION.—Main road hills were child's play to the car on top gear, but sometimes just for the fun of the thing I dropped into third gear which is almost as quiet as the top so as to put on a little extra speed up a gradient.

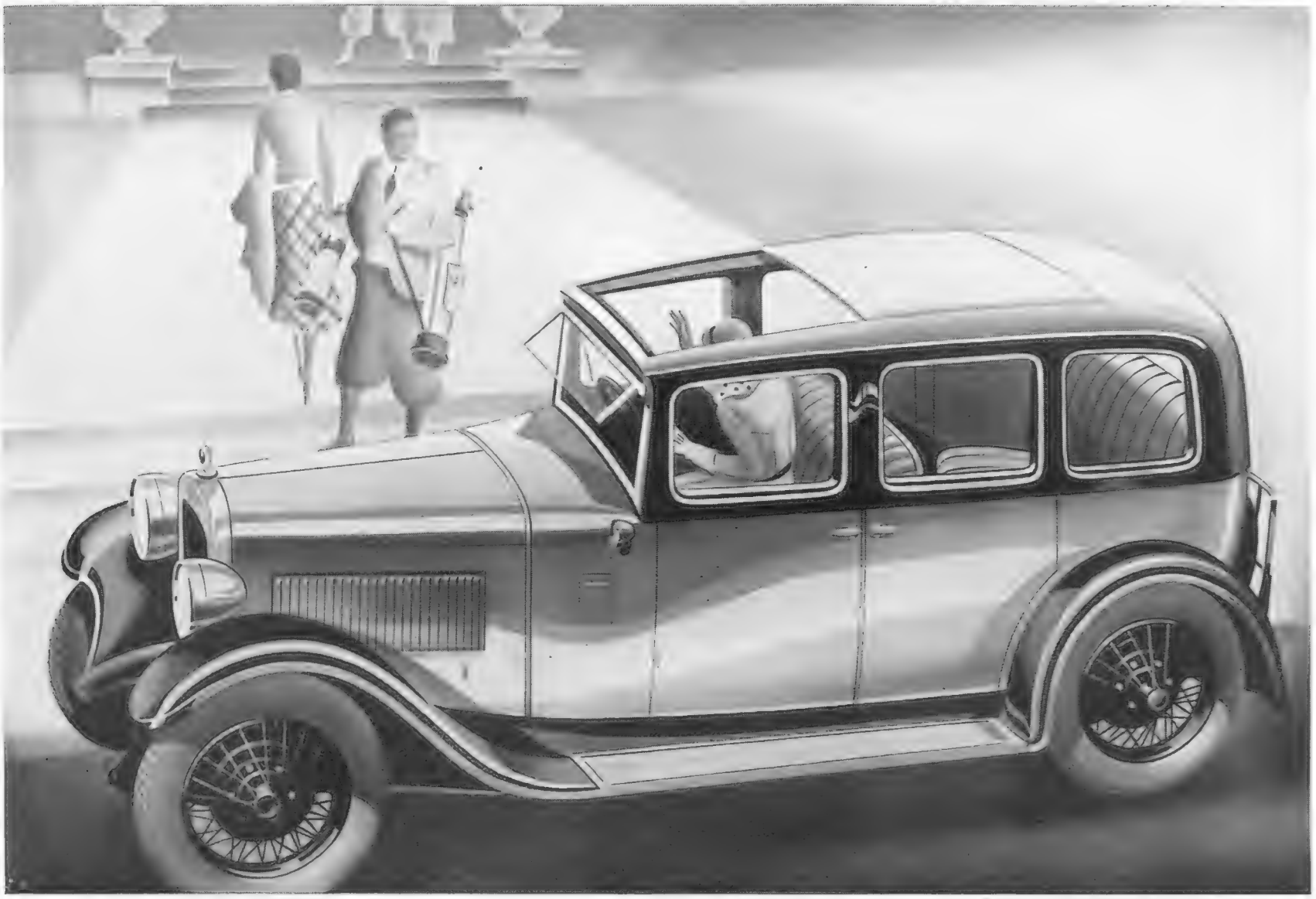
On all gears, and there are four forward, the car runs quietly, the gear-lever being situated on the left of the driver along with that operating one set of brakes. It is long and comes readily to hand, whilst the changes either up or down are comparatively simple to effect. On third the car will do 50 m.p.h. without difficulty.

One of the most pleasing features is the terrific acceleration, and this rapid gaining of speed is carried out almost with the silence associated with a glider. During my run no car could hold me in getting away, though afterwards one or two £1,000 cars did succeed in passing me.

The suspension is all that could be desired, and the car holds the road well. Steering, too, is beyond all criticism, and the pleasantness of all these features makes the car a real treat to drive. Braking, however, is not quite so good as I would like, though readers of THE SPHERE probably know by now that I am rather difficult to please on this point. I do not wish to imply that the brakes are poor or in any way dangerous, but merely to point out that if they were better more use could be made of the wonderful acceleration which the engine offers to the driver.

ACCOMMODATION.—As regards the body the front seats are of the bucket type and are independently adjustable. Their shape is correct and they give the driver and his passenger plenty of support for their backs. Although the catalogue only claims that there is room for four people, I think five could be accommodated without much difficulty. The appearance of the interior is pleasing, and the upholstery being of best quality hide certainly gives no impression of building down to a price. The doors and windows operate satisfactorily and, so far as I could discern, created no rattle. The windscreen allowed one or two drops of water to come through at the top during a sharp shower, but the sliding roof proved absolutely watertight. The particular model entrusted to my care was what the makers describe as a special fabric saloon. The lines of the bodywork are graceful and the mudguarding is certainly effective. With this car there is a very full equipment. I would like to mention that it includes a lady's umbrella in a case all matching the inside upholstery. Unless I had a catalogue to guide me I am sure I would not guess the price of this car correctly within £100, but the booklet which the manufacturers supplied shows me that it can be bought by the public for £275. I am sure that the British motor trade never offered better value for money, but the Standard Motor Company go even one better, for they have another model which looks just the same except that the equipment is not quite so luxurious, and this sells at £245.

A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N



THE SIXTEEN BURNHAM SALOON

If the bonnet of every Austin were rivetted down . . .

The Sixteen Burnham Saloon with Sunshine Roof, as illustrated, £345. *(At works) With fixed roof*

£335

(At Works)

Upholstered in leather, furniture hide or moquette. Equipment includes: Triplex glass, chromium finish, Dunlop tyres. Beaconsfield Fabric (4 window) Saloon £335. *Salisbury Fabric Saloon (6-window)* £335. *New Open Road Tourer* £310. *Harrow 2-seater* £310. *Sunshine Roof* £10 *extra. Twelve (4-cylinder) models from* £275.

Provided that provision were made for the periodic addition of engine oil, it would scarcely affect the Austin owner at all. So little occasion does he have to raise the bonnet, that he gets into the habit of taking for granted that what is under it will function month after month —year after year—without his aid or interference.

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In the latest Sixteen saloon models this fine engineering is wedded to new coachwork of pleasing lines and equally fine craftsmanship. Yet prices are lower than ever!

Here are saloons unique among cars of their price—equipped as you, yourself, might specify in a car built for your own especial needs —with divan comfort, folding tea-tables, folding foot-rests and arm-rests . . . briefly, cars that thoroughly justify, in their performance, appearance and appointment, a considerably higher price than the £335 you are asked to pay.

Write for literature—better still, see your nearest Austin dealer.

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ART *and* ANTIQUITY

A RELIC OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY: A remarkable fresco discovered at Pistoia

During restoration work to the church of San Domenico, Pistoia, a most interesting fresco has just been brought to light. It is believed to date from the late fourteenth century. The subject shows an as yet unidentified personage flanked by the two great poets of the early Italian Renaissance, Dante and Petrarch.

The Livingstone Memorial at Blantyre, Scotland

The Livingstone Memorial in Scotland has been enriched on its artistic side by a group of statuary carved in Scots oak by Mr. C. D'o Pilkington Jackson. The group that is on view at the present moment at Blantyre is only a plaster cast of the original, which is on exhibition at the Royal Academy. It is a beautiful piece of work, and is called "The Last Journey." Four African figures are seen carrying the body of the explorer through a jungle path to the coast. The figures, with Chusa walking ahead and watching the road, forms a cross. Mr. Jackson has portrayed the scene wonderfully, and the whole is full of dignity and movement. The group is the gift of the Bamangwato tribe (Khama's people) of South Africa. The ground of the memorial is proving too small to cope with visitors, although already over a thousand children can be accommodated. The bookings for the year are already fifty per cent. higher than those of last year, and about 20,000 people have had to be refused accommodation, while the Saturdays of next summer are being steadily booked.

IN HONOUR OF LIVINGSTONE: A group of statuary in the Royal Academy, for a replica of which the Khama's Tribe in South Africa has subscribed

A RELIC OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: An attractive mahogany breakfront bookcase of exquisite proportion. It is surprisingly low for its era, being only 7 ft. 10½ in. in height — which recommends it highly for modern use. It is fitted with a very deep table board convenient for the resting of books of reference or prints which would normally be kept in the lower portion. Its full dimensions are: width, 7 ft. 9 in.; height, 7 ft. 10½ in.; depth (centre) 2 ft. 0½ in.; depth (ends), 1 ft. 11 in. It comes from Gill and Reigate, George Street, Hanover Square

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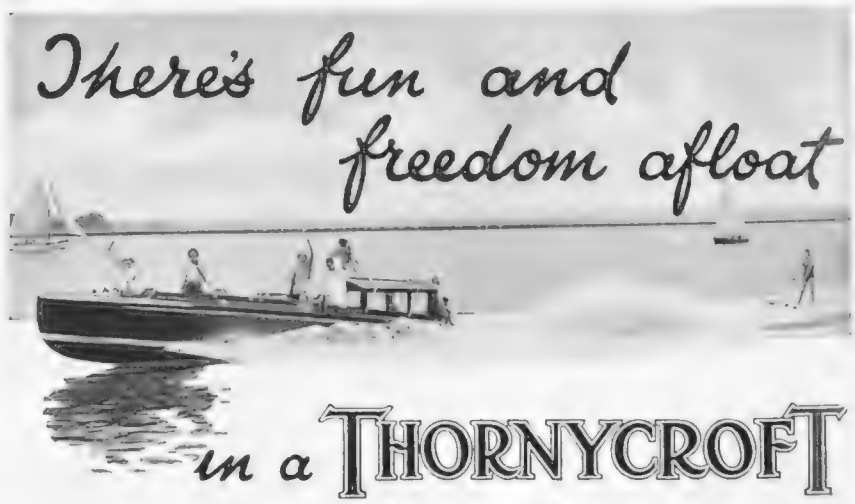

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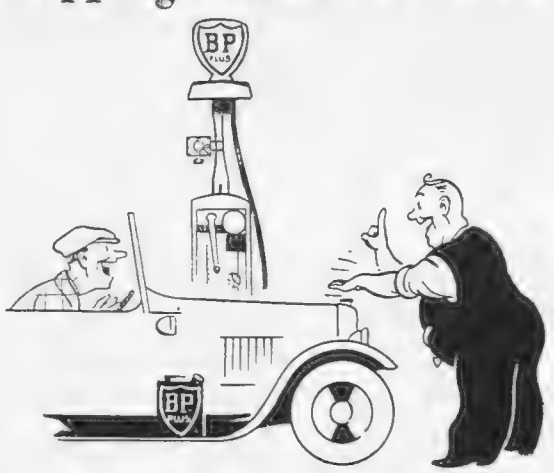

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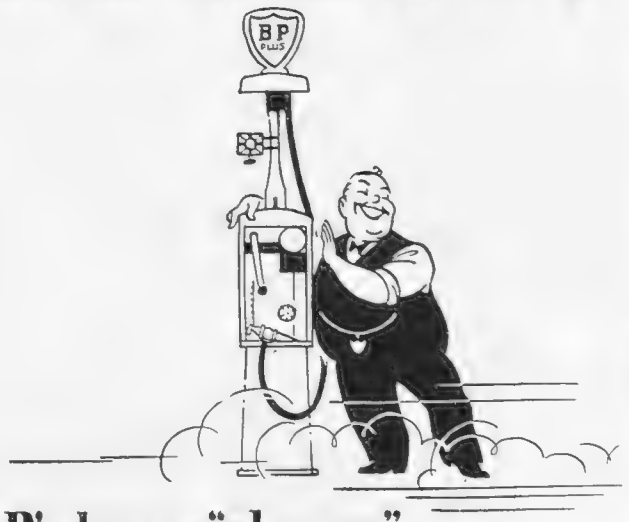

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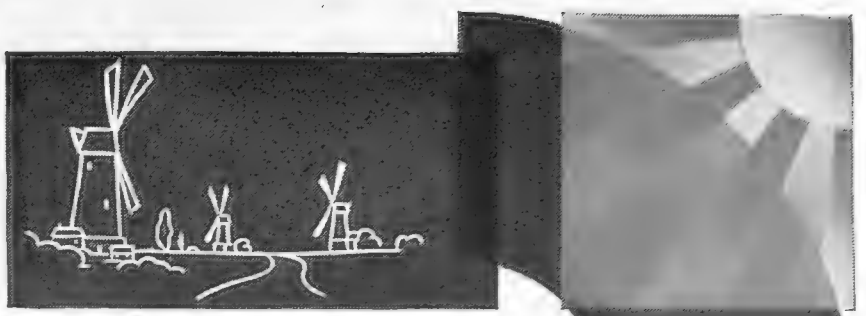

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GIBRALTAR
and the Spanish Future

by FERDINAND TUOHY

(*Continued from p. 473*)

work. One morning recently I watched them arrive by motor, on cycles, on foot. The Rock itself, whose invisible galleries are popularly supposed to contain a gun for every day in the year, may be more impregnable than ever in the past what with aircraft above spying out the land (there were none when I was there in 1913) and tremendous guns secreted away upon high and which may for all I know be capable of reaching half way to the Giralda . . . yet the ways of modern wars and upheavals are likely to work out passing strange. Very likely.

If "Gib" stands forth as an exclusive "don't come near me" place, if ever there was one, it permits within its bastions every morning a relatively ten times greater foreign number than any other fortified place the world over. (The only comparison I can think of is the Lille area into which Belgians swarm.) Perhaps it is fortunate in this respect that the man in command is that same General Godley who knew so well how to deal with foreign populations on the Rhine—it was he who weathered the trickiest days there, in 1922–24, when we were very much on our own in our Cologne islet, and with the French not liking us one wee bit.

Shall the Spanish Revival, which one hears lies ahead in conjunction with South America, materially alter the status of "Gib" in our time? Shall we live to witness a Spanish brand of Lenin imitating that unhygienic Majesty who on the occasion of a past siege is said to have taken up position on a distant peak of the Sierra and to have avowed not to attend to her personal laundry until the Rock should be reduced?

To the future—the future.

Possibly in the garrison they are currently exercised with more important things. What will happen to the hunt? Will it go on now? And the golf over La Linea way? And those parties across Algeciras Bay in the Spanish night? What will happen to many delectable things—since, has it not long been a saying locally that "the great thing about 'Gib' is that it's got Spain behind it"—lovely, motoring Andalusia, week-ends at Seville, Granada? Doubtless much will go on. But will it be quite the same?

The London Season

—(*Continued from p. 483*)

on after the races, and from which it is so hard to return before two or three o'clock in the morning. With a pacifist War Office, there is little but the historical displayed in the pageants. But under a star-spangled sky, and lit up by the searchlights, it is always a lovely spectacle. Henley and Wimbledon are not far away either. Poor Henley, though! It is a very different affair from what it was before the War. It is indeed the only event in the London Season, except Church Parade in Hyde Park on Sundays, which has grown progressively duller since the War, instead of increasingly gayer. Few and far between are the smart frocks you see on the lawns of Phyllis Court or the Members' Enclosure. But yet, it is still one of the pleasantest places in the world to eat strawberries and cream and drink cider-cup, and watch other people exerting themselves; providing always that the sky is blue and the hot sunshine pours down.

Wimbledon without Helen Wills is going to be a more thrilling place than ever this year. There is no forecasting the winner. It may be Cilly Aussem or Lili de Alvarez, or our own Betty Nuthall, or even Eileen Bennett. Whoever is the ultimate winner, we will be there in our thousands, our heads turning this way and that, like the pendulum of some great clock, as we follow the flight of the white tennis ball and hear its hard "plunk" against the over-strung rackets of the experts. August disapproval in high places will doubtless kill the growing vogue for trouser-skirts, just as it has kept the cult for bare legs away from Wimbledon. But we will certainly see some pretty jumpers and pretty faces too. The Duke of York is too keen on golf nowadays to enter for the lawn tennis championships, but royal interest will be as great as ever.

The brighter cricket movement, stimulated by the award of a 15 points for a win, has made Lord's and the Oval much more entertaining to visit this season. But it needs nothing artificial to create further interest in the 'Varsity match and Eton and Harrow. The 'Varsity match, like Henley, does not make a call on our smartest clothes. It is perhaps a pity that some effort has not been made to persuade former undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge to wear tall hats and morning coats and thus revive its ancient glories. Oxford should win this year, I am told. It is only a pity that Peebles is no longer eligible to play. As to the Eton and Harrow match, there is little hope, I am afraid, that the smaller school will break the long sequence of Eton wins. But what a smashing of silk hats there would be if it happened!

But I have said nothing of the myriad cocktail parties, of the polo at Hurlingham and Ranelagh and Roehampton, of the swimming-pool in Grosvenor House, of the evening rounds of golf at Sunningdale and Addington. I have not attempted to describe the paintings of Augustus John and Orpen at the Royal Academy, or the alluring shop-windows of the Berkeley Restaurant, or the young couples walking up and down the pavement or in the cool green spaces of Grosvenor Square and Portman Square between dances in some private house, or the rounds of applause at Olympia when some gallant old horse takes his scarlet-clad rider round the jumps at the International Horse Show without even half-a-fault, or the unseemly mirth when some cocky young officer is thrown, or the ecstasy of eating one's first wood strawberries of the season, or the cool clink of ice in a jug of champagne-cup on a hot June night, or the red and blue lighting of the latest supper restaurant. There is no space for it all.

Meantime, though, every kind of celebrity has been here in the musical, theatrical, and artistic world—Kreisler and Chaliapine, and Argentina and Douglas Fairbanks, and Charlie Chaplin and Marlene Deitrich. Al Brown has come from Panama to show us how a Champion fights. The New Zealanders are showing us how cricket is faring in the Antipodes. One of the most brilliant polo teams, with Humphrey Guinness and Noel Scott-Robson playing for it, is led by a Dutchman. A French jeweller's firm is offering for sale in Bruton Street a necklace worth a quarter of a million pounds. Mrs. Corrigan is here. So is Mr. Laddy Sanford and other American millionaires are coming. Noel Coward presented the Femina Vie Heureuse prize to Richard Hughes and Princess Murat made a speech. Einstein and John Galsworthy have been delivering lectures. Four new baronets have been created, including Sir Edward Elgar. Sybil Thorndike has been made a Dame of the British Empire. Lady Caroline Paget and Miss Audrey Barret have been acclaimed the prettiest débutantes. Bernard Shaw has been scolded. Miss Sackville West has written another brilliant novel. The tar in Piccadilly is beginning to melt. The hump-back in Bond Street is selling white gardenias by the score and, in fact the Season has once again made London the hub of the social universe.

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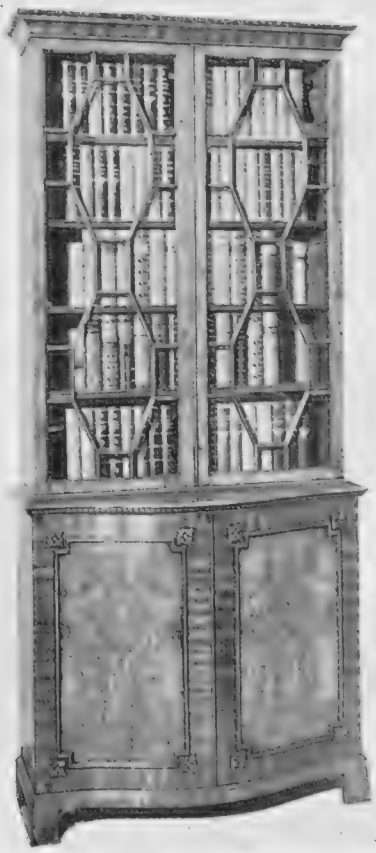

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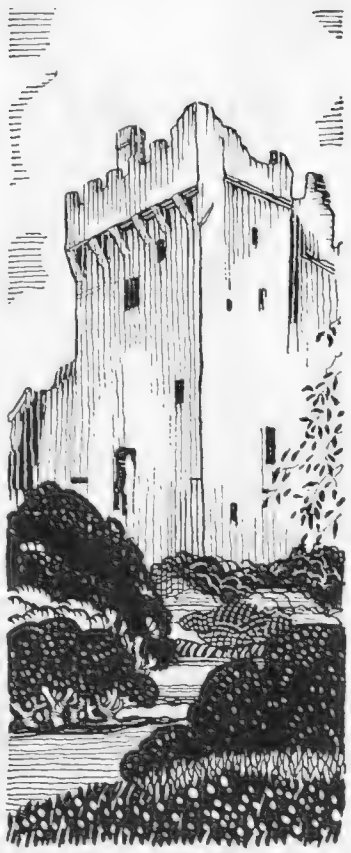

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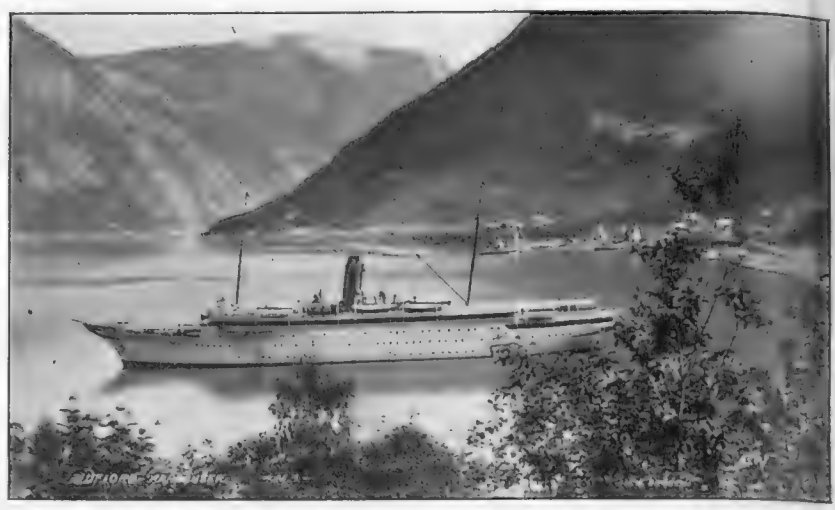
★ **Descriptive Literature on application to the individual addresses shown above or L.N.E.R. Offices. Travel Information at L.N.E.R. Inquiry Offices and Agencies.**

TRAVEL L·N·E·R TO SCOTLAND



"MAJESTY OF MOUNTAIN, SERENITY OF LAKE": An impression of Gudvangen on Sogne, one of the loveliest Norwegian beauty spots

THE SPHERE

From ENGLAND
In Less than a Day by the

Of all the world's pleasure grounds one of the least known but certainly one of the most beautiful is Norway. Few of earth's pleasant and ancient haunts of beauty have changed less or suffered so little defacement at the hands of modern civilization.

It is a land of many waterfalls and lakes and odorous pine forests; of snow-topped mountains and distant glaciers, intensely white and wonderful; a land of trim little farms with brightly-painted wooden homesteads, red, white, or yellow, perched high on the blue mountain sides, or nestling at the feet of the fjords amid blossoming orchards. From its glistening snowfields blow the purest and most bracing airs; and in its placid waters, as smooth as Dian's glass, the high hills and happy homes "seem to rest upon the surface of the water."

From the majestic Folgefond ("fond" meaning field of snow), nearly forty English miles in length, a magnificent view of which is obtained from the Sogne Fjord there is nothing in Europe to be compared, while the Nærödal (Nærö Valley) leading to Stalheim, and the Nordfjord, are visions of loveliness which have earned for them the name of "the Retreat of Summer."

It might be thought that this lovely and legendary land, whose northernmost coast stretches out into the Arctic, and the Land of the Midnight Sun, has a cold and wild climate. But this is not the case. On the west coast, where the most beautiful scenery is found, the climate is mild, being determined by the Gulf Stream. At Stavanger the mean temperature in January is 34·7 deg. Fah., and in July, 55·4. Bergen is the gateway to Norway, and to reach Bergen one should go by B. & N. Line, Royal Mail.

TIMBER TRIUMPHANT: A magnificent road running along a precipitous and heavily-wooded gorge in Hardanger

STALHEIM: towards Gu the Naerö

MARRIAGE AT HARDANGER: One and especially at Hardanger. The crown by the authorities of the village for

THE DINING SALOON: The epicure's paradise on board the M.V. Venus

THE WORLD'S FASTEST MOTOR VESSEL: Norway and back, stopping 18 hours, between

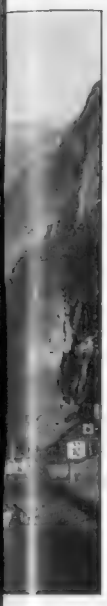
neighbourhood of Teröen, at the entrance of the Hardanger Fjord, glaciers descend in every direction. Such is Norway. Thousands of feet rise its mountains, hundreds of feet fall its waterfalls, two to four thousand feet deep are its famous fjords. With the exquisite grandeur of the Hardanger Fjord and the more rugged majesty of

ONE OF THE GREATEST OF NORWEGIAN FJORDS: *A vista of lovely Hardanger, where the costumes are most picturesque*

F TRAVEL

to NORWAY

and N. Line Royal Mail



ista looking en down y

The introduction last month of the new twin-screw motor ship, *Venus*, in regular passenger service between England and Norway marks an epoch in travel. "England to Norway in less than a day" is a slogan which will be a continuous reminder that Scandinavia is brought many hours nearer to England. The B. & N. Line Royal Mail (Bergenske Steamship Co., Bergen) vessels have maintained for many years the most frequent regular passenger service — three sailings each week — between England (Newcastle-on-Tyne) and Norway (Bergen), and by the shortest sea route. The new ship, *Venus*, sails twice each week—Tuesdays and Saturdays — and reduces the time (quay to quay) to twenty-one hours, about one hour of which is in the smooth waters of the fjord approaching Bergen. This compares with forty to forty-five hours by the other sea services between England and Norway. Thus the *Venus* occupies less than half the time of other ships in crossing the North Sea to Norway and, further, will afford the additional comforts which are embodied in a ship three times as large. Not only is the new *Venus* the largest vessel in regular service between England and the Continent; she is the world's fastest motor ship, her service speed being 19½ knots, even with 2,400 tons of cargo in her holds. The length of the *Venus* is 412 ft., breadth 54 ft., her gross register tonnage 5,600, and her displacement tonnage 7,000.

THE LINE ALONG THE FJORD: *One of the particular beauties of Norway lies in the scenery seen from the railway*

he great displays of tradition in Norway n by the bride is characteristic and is kept use of every maid at her marriage

The *Venus* has accommodation in large, airy cabins for 184 1st class passengers, and there are no less than eighty-four single cabins, the remaining fifty cabins being furnished with two beds. In the 2nd class there is accommodation for seventy-eight passengers, fifty-six of whom are berthed in two-berth cabins. In this class the berths are upper and lower. All the cabins, both 1st and 2nd class, are supplied with running hot and cold water.

THE SOCIAL HALL: *One of the luxurious public rooms on board the M.V.* Venus

Installed in the kitchens and pantries is every modern convenience, including electric cooking range and electric grill. An electric lift serves for bringing the provisions from the refrigerating and provision-room.

e M.V Venus, *which can get from England to urday evening and Tuesday morning*

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Fashionable beach life, bathing, golf, tennis, open-air dancing. Wonderful excursions, dry sunny climate.

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Information and literature from: Kurkommission, Pörtschach; Landesverkehrsamt, Innsbruck, Tyrol; Landesverkehrsamt, Salzburg; *all Tourist Agencies, or from the*

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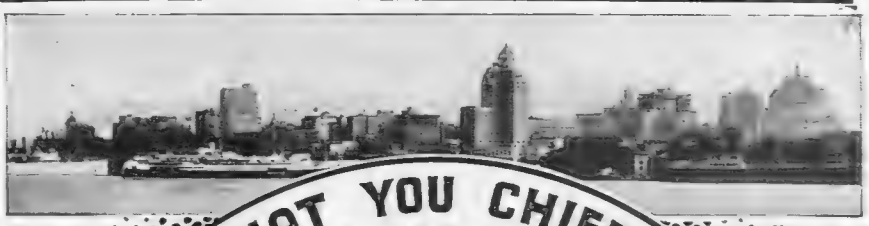

Skyline of Vancouver's Waterfront.

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Income Tax

A married man with two dependents pays:

Income.	Tax.	Per Cent.
£600	£6.12.0	1·10
£1,000	£22.16.0	2·28
£2,000	£122.8.0	6·12

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Rates on estates passing to immediate relatives:

Estate.	Rate.
£4,000	Nil.
£20,000	1¾ %
£200,000	9 %

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THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN: The great summer glory of Scandinavia

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

EUROPE IN

BY MAXWELL

The people of to-day are not content to accept hearsay evidence and tradition—they investigate for themselves, and it is in consequence of this desire for the truth that so many time-honoured beliefs have been broken down of late years with advantageous results, not the least beneficial being the complete refutation of the old fallacy that only a few parts of Northern Europe were suitable for holiday making in the summer months.

The question of a summer holiday abroad nowadays chiefly resolves itself into a matter of individual tastes, for travel has been made so easy and expeditious that even a holiday-maker with only two weeks at his disposal can reach any corner of Europe that attracts his fancy, whilst the summer cruises have been so arranged that trips can be taken for any period desired.

Probably the most tenacious of the once-prevalent ideas on summering in the south is that the French Riviera is impossible after the end of April or the beginning of May. It is true the exceptionally brilliant social life of the winter season is missing, but an ever-increasing number of luxury hotels and special amusements are keeping open through the year, and for those who enjoy a little flutter there is always the Casino at Monte Carlo. From the dewy freshness of early morning to the cool of the velvety night, summer days on the Riviera follow each other in an endless pageant of colour, warmth, and gaiety. The incredibly blue sea sparkles and scintillates beneath the cloudless azure sky, and day after day the sun shines so tirelessly that it is always possible to plan ahead for pic-nics and excursions, whilst light breezes blowing down from the mountain gorges ensure that the climate will never become oppressive. The Riviera towns are so closely grouped on that enchanting coast that no place is more than an hour's journey from Nice, the central town — even Mentone, reaching out to the Italian border, or Hyères, most southerly and Oriental of them all.

Part of the charm of the Riviera lies in the mountainous district with which it is backed. Beyond that range lies the splendid district of Dauphine, bordered on the west by the fascinating valley of the Rhône, and on the east by the Alps of the Savoy.

The principal town of Dauphine is Grenoble, one of the most beautiful and charmingly situated cities of

IDYLL IN RHODES: The vivid contrast of the traditional and the modern

France—that land of strangely beautiful towns.

From Dauphine it is but a short distance to the borders of Switzerland at Geneva, and to the wonderland of lakes and mountains which lie in the country which has so often been called "The Playground of Europe." Switzerland in summer is totally unrecognizable to those who only go there for the winter sports. The snow has vanished from all but the high mountain peaks, and flowers are blooming everywhere. The valleys are rich with their harvest of grain, and mountaineering or "hiking" is the order of the day, unless one of the lakeside resorts has been chosen, and the visitor can add the joys of bathing and boating to the list of delightful outdoor amusements. Spiez, on Lake Thun, is such a place. It is one of the most popular of all the summer resorts of Switzerland and, apart from its own attractions, is one of the best touring centres in the country, being the junction of the Loetschberg–Simplon Railway, the Bernese Oberland Railway, and for Lake Brienz.

Italy has succeeded better, perhaps, than any other Mediterranean country in popularizing its resorts during the summer, but it is not always realized that the delightful islands of the Ægean Sea are no less attractive at that time of year, especially Rhodes, which was taken over by the Italians in 1912. Rhodes has been the Mecca of travellers and an inspiration to the world's greatest writers all through the ages, and to-day this enchanting island has a no less powerful attraction for holiday-makers. Since the coming of the Italians the island has become the centre for hospitality on a lavish and luxurious scale, and the visitor in search of "something new and strange" can scarcely do better than stay on this extraordinarily fascinating island, with its age-old towns and picturesque country-side.

Though the "call of the South" is one which is readily responded to by all Englishmen, there is still a kinship with the North in them which makes it impossible to neglect the no less gay and delightful resorts of

THE HOUR OF THE APERITIF at Monte Carlo, the heart of the Riviera

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SPECIAL SECTION

SUMMER

FRASER

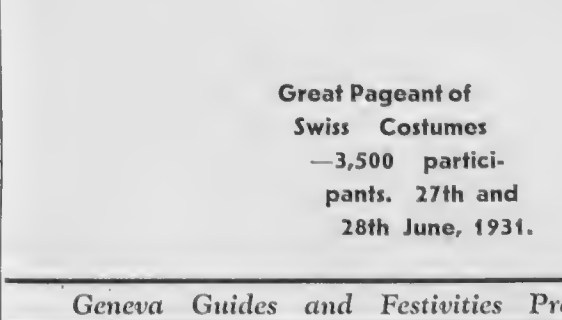
THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE: Lake Lucerne in halycon mood

countries with which they have more potent ties of common ancestry and history, and of these the most accessible, as it is one of the most popular, is Holland and its famous seaside resort of Scheveningen.

The amazing development of Scheveningen in the last hundred years is entirely due to its natural attractions. Founded in 1400, it existed as a tiny fishing village for four centuries, until it suddenly leapt into public favour in 1815, since when it has steadily set itself to enhance its natural charm with an ever-increasing range of amusements and the provision of luxurious hotels equal to any in Europe.

Nothing could inspire the feeling of light-hearted gaiety more surely than the sight of the vast beach of Scheveningen, thronged with sun-bathers clustering round the innumerable quaintly-shaped basket-chairs like huge sentry-boxes which are a feature of the resort. Yet with all its crowds and its gaieties Scheveningen can offer to the visitor of more retiring tastes delightful solitudes of woodlands and sand-dunes, and the quaint charm of the ancient fishing towns where a friendly peace soothes the lover of quiet.

Holland can also be made the starting-point for a journey up the Rhine, though many prefer to commence their trip at the fine old city of Cologne. It is in its upper reaches that the Rhine flows along the borders of the glorious Black Forest district, which is not only a wonderland of pine-clad mountains, deep gorges, and magnificent waterfalls, but one of the most famous regions in Germany for spas and health resorts.



COCKTAIL TIME on the esplanade of Holland's great resort, Scheveningen

Among the innumerable other delightful resorts of this district, Freiburg, a convenient centre for exploring the south of the forest, is perhaps the best known, though all attract visitors from every part of the world.

There are many English people who long to go cruising but have not the courage to venture on such a trip without a little more experience of the sea than is

SUMMER IN SWITZERLAND: An aspect of Spiez, on Lake Thun

gained by the crossing from Dover to Calais. These people could gain a "taste" of the sea by a voyage from Harwich to Esbjerg, which takes thirty-six hours and is the prelude to a holiday in Denmark, a country which has enough in common with England to make the Englishman feel thoroughly at home and yet has an individuality so fresh and so strongly marked that it is as distinctively "foreign" as the tourist could possibly desire. Copenhagen lies on the eastern coastline of Denmark and is reached direct by rail from Esbjerg. It is one of the most charming capitals of Europe—a friendly place with a passion for hospitality which makes it regard all visitors as friends and welcome guests.

Copenhagen was founded in the twelfth century and retains many fine medieval buildings, but to the majority of visitors the beauty of the Sound on which it is set overshadows everything else. It is on this enchanting seashore that the fascinating little bronze figure of the mermaid is to be found—that touchingly simple and natural tribute to the memory of Hans Christian Andersen.

Denmark can also be reached, of course, by train from Hook of Holland or via Paris, and the service is continued by a short train ferry to Helsingborg on the south coast of Sweden for those who so dread the sea that they cannot undertake the longer voyage across the North Sea to Scandinavia.

Norway is so wedded in the public mind to the fame of its glorious fjords that the mere mention of the country is inseparable from the thought of cruises, and whilst it is actually possible to explore the whole of Norway and its fjords by train and car, there can be no doubt that the ideal way is to take a cruise. It is the Land of the Vikings and sea-rovers as well as the Land of the Midnight Sun, and their spirit is far more understandable when the tourist is following the actual waterways through which their great war galleys once swept. There is such a variety of cruises offered to tourists nowadays that it only remains to suit one's individual preferences and convenience. The Cunard, Orient, Canadian Pacific, Blue Star, P. & O., R.M.S.P., and B. and N. Lines each offer a series of attractive tours, and each company affords its passengers some special feature which helps the intending traveller to make a decision.

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August 12th—14th	County Cricket Match—Yorkshire v Glamorgan
13th—22nd	Yorkshire and North of England Tennis Championships
September 2nd—11th	Cricket Festival. M.C.C. v Yorkshire; Gentlemen v Players; New Zealanders v Mr. H. D G. Leveson Gower's XI.
5th—12th	Angling Festival
14th—19th	Golf Week

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THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

RED

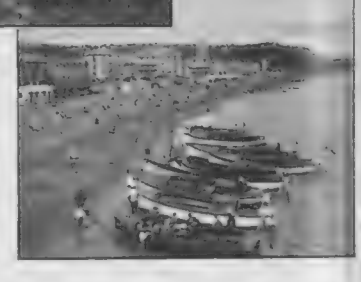
BY CLIVE

South Devon, and especially that stretch of coast which lies between Sidmouth and Dartmouth, including the beautiful Torbay, has long been known and appreciated by holiday-makers.

Naturally, peerless Torquay figures largely in one's memory of this West Country coast, charmingly situated on several hills overlooking Torbay and presenting from the sea a picture which reminds one very much of some of the Riviera towns. In summer the well-known harbour is busy with the coming and going of pleasure craft, and the sloping streets with their fine shops are crowded with holiday-makers.

But charming as is Torquay in itself it can boast a neighbourhood of unrivalled loveliness which makes it an admirable centre for excursions of all kinds. This fact has been enterprisingly seized upon by the Great Western Railway, who have planned this year a wonderful series of what they call "land cruises" by unusually luxurious motor-coaches, covering by these not only the immediate neighbourhood but nearly the whole of the West of England. A start may be made either from London or other centres, including Torquay, and a choice of "cruises" is afforded notable alike for the magnificent and beautiful scenery which is passed through and the beauty spots and historic places visited. No better way of seeing Devon and Cornwall can be imagined.

Close to Torquay, and indeed forming an outer suburb, is Babbacombe — a charming little place built on the high cliffs overlooking the sea, and with a lovely bathing beach which can be reached by winding paths down the tree-shaded cliffs.



TORQUAY AND ITS ENVIRONS: Torquay is flanked on the west by Paignton and on the east by Teignmouth

Eastward of Torquay is Teignmouth, a very favourite place, which of recent years has been developed into a popular and charming seaside resort situated on a tidal estuary which has many of the characteristics of a fjord. Once a famous smuggling centre and a port often attacked by the French and Spanish rovers, it has now become one of the popular holiday resorts of the West Country with a fine promenade called "The Den," bordering a magnificent stretch of bathing beach. It is here that one sees the famous red cliffs of Devon at their best.

Joined to Torquay on the west lies Paignton with three fine stretches of sandy beach, where there are admirable facilities for bathing. Many beauty spots are easily reached from Paignton, and there are many interesting survivals in the immediate neighbourhood, including the square red tower standing in the grounds of the old Bishop's Palace which by tradition is said to be the place where Miles Coverdale translated the Bible. Four miles from Paignton lie the famous ruins of Berry Pomeroy Castle which was built in the reign of William the Conqueror, and quite close by is the charming old-world village of Cockington, well known to holiday-makers for its picturesque and ancient forge. At Paignton there are abundant facilities for amusements of all kinds including golf, tennis, military bands, concert parties, and the unusual attractions of a large zoological park which is a very popular resort.

Brixham, too, lies in the circle of Torbay, an ancient fishing port famous for its fleet of trawlers. From it Berry Head, with its magnificent views along the coast east and west, is easily reached.

Another charming little resort round the coast is Kingswear, which faces Dartmouth across the beautiful estuary of the Dart. Here one has a real beauty spot distinguished for quietude and remoteness from the stress of life rather than for the usual attractions of a sea-coast holiday town. There is a frequent service of ferry steamers to Dartmouth on the other side of the river which enables residents and visitors to do their shopping and take advantage of the social amenities in the larger town.

Dartmouth is a quaint and lovely place of great historic interest, situated beside the emerald waters of the Dart, formerly a famous port from which sailed many famous seamen, but nowadays a very quiet little seaport. Its almost land-locked harbour was in past ages a great haven for the English fleets that sailed the Channel and on occasion had to seek shelter from superior forces. It was at Dartmouth

SWITZERLAND this Summer

SPIEZ

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Spiezerhof—Parkhotel—Schlosshotel Schonegg—Eden Hotel—Belvédère.

DEVON

HOLLAND

that William Rufus gathered together his fleet to go to Normandy, and it was also, in the twelfth century, the port where Richard Cœur de Lion assembled his ships to carry his Crusaders overseas. In the Elizabethan age it was a busy place, and from it sailed at least three of Elizabeth's great sea captains, John Davis, Humphrey and Adrian Gilbert, and several ships which took part in the Armada.

The town still preserves a great deal of its ancient quaintness with its narrow streets and overhanging timbered houses and ancient church. Although it cannot claim to be a seaside holiday resort in the usual sense of the word, many people visit it during the summer by reason of its beautiful situation and the possibility of excursions up its lovely river. A little distance up the Dart stands "Greenway House," where Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the discoverer of Newfoundland, was born and where Sir Walter Raleigh resided for some time and, tradition says, smoked the first pipe of tobacco in England.

THE EMERALD WATERS OF THE DART: A view of the lovely land-locked harbour of Dartmouth

HEALTH *in* CENTRAL WALES

Central Wales is to some extent an almost unexplored region with the usual type of holiday-maker. But people are gradually finding out how attractive this district is, with its beautiful mountain scenery and quietude, its lakes and streams and lovely glens, and holiday resorts where golf, tennis, and fishing are the chief recreations.

Among the places easily reached on the L.M.S. Railway system which have especially come into note of late years may be mentioned Llandrindod Wells, which has the distinction of not only being the chief Spa of Central Wales, but is a health resort of distinct charm and increasing popularity. Set on the sunny western slopes of Radnor forest several hundred feet above sea level, it is swept by the pure sea air of the Atlantic which reaches it still with the salt tang in it, but robbed of much of the moisture which is trapped by the intervening hills. It is quite a modern town with excellent accommodation for visitors and abundant open spaces, with a bright and cheerful air. There is good fishing in the Wye, in the Elan Valley lakes and in the Ithon. The whole neighbourhood is charming for excursions, and these are well-provided for both by rail and road. There are frequent theatrical entertainments in the Grand Pavilion, a cinema, and there are dances in the Pavilion and at most of the larger hotels, and also most evenings in the Rock Park Pavilion.

HEALTH IN WALES: A general view of Llandrindod Wells

Another charming resort one remembers with pleasure is the pretty village of Llangammarch Wells situated in the beautiful wooded valley of the Irfon. Here one has a small Spa situated with its lake hotel and pump house on the right bank of the river where there is a noted mineral spring. For those in search of quietude scarcely a better spot could be imagined, but although a village there are facilities for golf, tennis and excellent trout fishing, while there are many beautiful excursions to be taken in the immediate neighbourhood.

Llanwrtyd Wells, an old village, whose name, difficult to pronounce, means "the Church by the Ford," is situated in a mountainous district and amid delightful scenery and built upon the banks of the Irfon. Not far away lie the towering hills of the Plynlymmon range, and within easy motoring distance are some of the most beautiful places in the Wye Valley. A peaceful spot of great beauty, which holiday-makers in search of rest and quietude should greatly appreciate.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE WYE: Irvon Bridge, a beauty of Builth

Builth is another Brecknock holiday resort charmingly situated in the Valley of the Wye with a notable spa. It is one of the most attractive holiday places of a particularly delightful district and forms an excellent starting point for excursions.

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3. Bath, Cheddar Gorge, Exmoor, "Lorna Doone" Country, Clovelly, Westward Ho! Torquay, etc.
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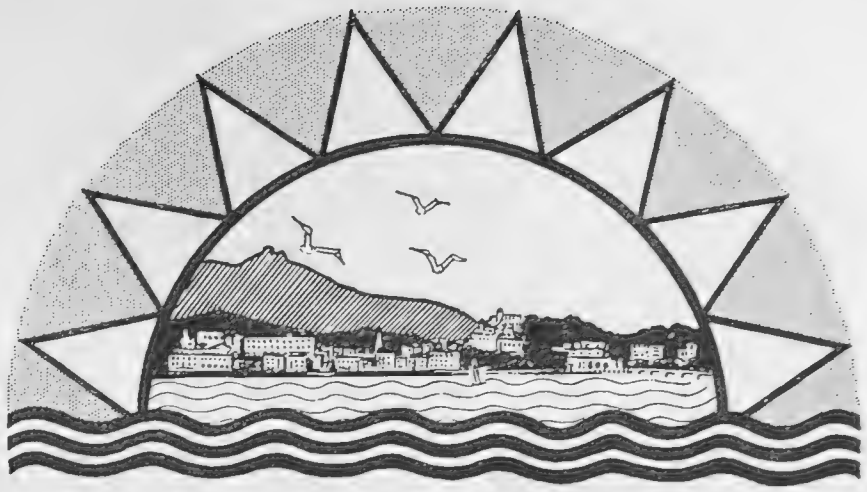

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TORQUAY

Official Handbook free on application to :—

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NORTHWARD HO!

Scarborough, Harrogate, and other East Coast Resorts

Just as many northerners make their way south for change of scene and climate in the summer, so do more and more people of the south yearly make their way north for similar reasons. And the latter part of England can offer many attractions, not the least among which are those of bolder scenery, breezy, wide-stretching expanses of moorland, a rugged and picturesque coastline, and tonic air.

Chief among the places we have in mind stand Scarborough and Harrogate — two spas famous for their curative properties combined with all the attractions which one expects of up-to-date holiday resorts. Supreme in their individual fields they are very different the one from the other. Scarborough is a seaside resort of remarkable charm and attraction; while beautiful Harrogate lies inland surrounded by countryside far famed for its loveliness and opportunities for excursions.

THE KING OF THE EAST COAST: The glorious beach of Scarborough

Let us take Scarborough. It is a modern watering-place which has been admirably developed for many years past in the interests of its visitors and holiday-makers. Situated on two fine bays separated by a promontory upon which its ancient and historic castle stands and at the foot of which its picturesque little harbour nestles, it can claim that it offers unrivalled attractions to all classes of visitors and accommodation in the shape of fine hotels, boarding and apartment houses to suit all tastes. There are magnificent stretches of sand and a large swimming pool which on summer days is the centre of the beach life of South Bay. It also provides all other kinds of amusement which holiday-makers look for: golf, tennis, concert parties on the beach, entertainments in the fine spa pavilion, cinemas, theatrical performances, and dancing in the pavilion, and also in the various hotels and some of the cafés.

Then Scarborough is also a town of many gardens, parks, and open spaces, and in the hinterland one has splendid opportunities for excursions to beauty spots, picnics on the wonderful Yorkshire moors, and visits to places of historic interest.

Harrogate is one of the most charming inland resorts imaginable. Not only is it a famous British spa, to which people flock from all parts of the country for cure of ailments and rest, but it has also of late years become one of the great holiday resorts of the north, to which people, as one writer has it, "who are well come to get better." The Royal Baths, by which title the spa bathing establishment is known, are some of the most elaborate and completely equipped in existence. And there, under the direction of a special staff of medical men and medically trained male and female nurses, some ninety mineral water springs provide the means of nearly a hundred different treatments. The wells have been known for centuries and are world-famed.

Situated on the edge of the Yorkshire moors the town is not only noted for its pure and bracing air, but from its situation is admirably adapted to the needs of holiday-makers who delight in exploring, either on foot or by car, the beautiful countryside unrivalled in its wealth of historic places and beauty spots. Harrogate has been admirably planned, and has just that air of distinction which gives the place a special lure for the better class of visitor. Fine shops and hotels, extensive promenades, delightful open spaces, charming gardens, high-class amusements and entertainments serve to draw to it annually visitors from all parts of the kingdom. Good river boating amidst beautiful scenery can be enjoyed at Knaresborough, Wetherby, and Boston Spa.

Farther north we have a resort that has come much into favour, Cruden Bay in Aberdeenshire, which, indeed, provides a complete change amidst delightful scenery for those who wish for a somewhat quiet holiday. Cruden Bay, which has a famous golf course, described by some experts as possibly the finest natural course in the United Kingdom, also possesses a wonderful hotel, the property of the London and North-Eastern Railway, which has done so much to draw golfers to this delightful little resort.

THE SPA OF THE NORTH: The old English garden in the Valley Gardens, Harrogate

The East Anglian coast has many resorts known to holiday-makers, and among these quite close to Yarmouth, situated on high ground at the entrance to the harbour, stands Gorleston, from the pier of which there is a constantly changing scene of ships and fishing vessels entering or leaving the port. On the cliffs are pleasant walks, and the sandy beach, which extends for miles south of the pier, is one of the best on the east coast for bathing. Gorleston is more and more frequented by the quieter type of holiday-maker, for whom the delightful rural district and quietude have charm. There are a good municipal band, concert parties, an 18-hole golf course adjoining the Gorleston Links Halt on the railway, putting greens, tennis courts, bowls, boating and fishing, and other outdoor amusements.

A HOME OF ROYALTY: Knaresborough, a beauty spot near Harrogate

Gorleston, too, is quite close to the famous Norfolk Broads — those wonderful stretches of lake-like and canal-like waters, with 200 miles of waterways, now one of the favourite holiday resorts of the Eastern Counties with people fond of boating and yachting, and an unconventional picnic life amid charming surroundings, with an abundance of sunshine and fresh air. A holiday on the Broads is a delight not soon forgotten.

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CRUDEN BAY HOTEL

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Full particulars from Manager, Cruden Bay Hotel, Cruden Bay, or any L.N.E.R. Inquiry Office.

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Official Guide free on application to Publicity Manager (S.P.), Great Yarmouth.

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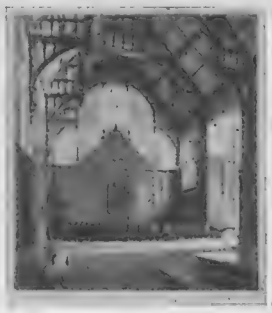

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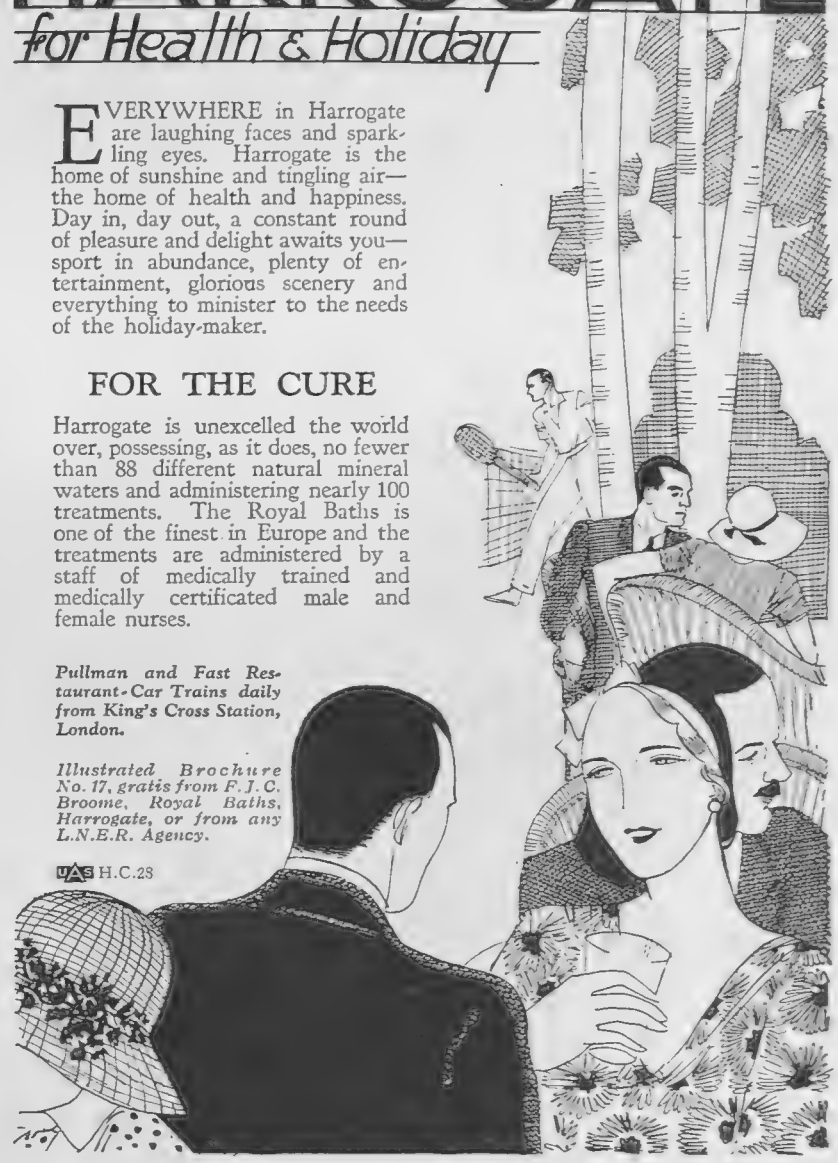

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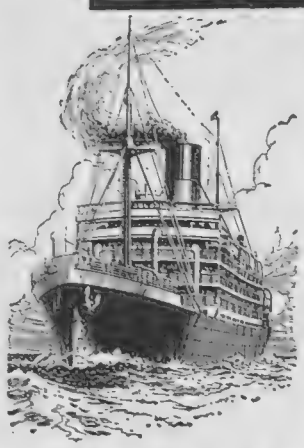

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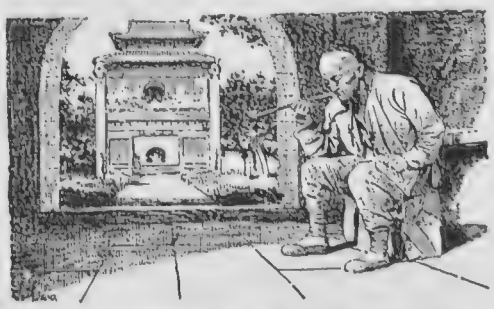

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A PLAITER OF STRAW: A typical working woman of the Black Forest who toils beneath the carven crucifix

SCHWARZWALD

The Beauties of the Black Forest and its Resorts in Every Valley

Any time of the year is beautiful here. These early months are exquisite in the valleys, where the cherry and apple-tree are in full blossom and where the delicate green of beech and birch veins the fir. The firs themselves are putting out new buds, pale olive-green tips to their ruffled sleeves. The meadows, that swing like hammocks of gold mesh from slope to slope of the valley, glisten in the warm sun, and the activity in pasture and field has a southern loveliness and picturesqueness usually associated with Latin countries. Market-towns are thronged with gossiping peasants who meet together for the first time after their long, snow-bound winter, and the bartering of cows and pigs, with all the produce of a hard-tilled land, is in full swing.

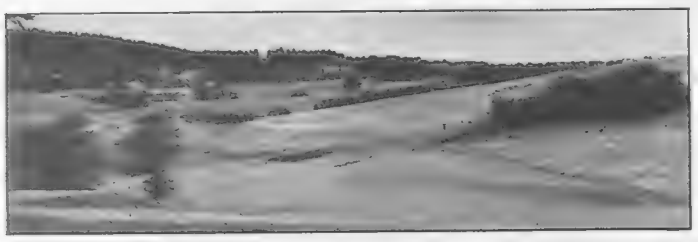
THE BEAUTY OF THATCH: One of the typical and picturesque farmhouses in the Black Forest

Schwarzwald sounds a trifle moody and impenetrable. If you know no better you are inclined to think of deep, sunless valleys buried in the gloom of close-tapering firs, with a background of appropriate Germanic legend. Think of some of the names: Hollental, "The Valley of Hell," Notschrei, "Cry of Distress"; you cannot help putting two and two together and creating a sombre, Wagnerian vision which the official title of the region seems to confirm.

How different is the truth! This is the lightest and brightest country on earth—airy and sunlit; a babble of brooks and shining mountain streams, a network of pleasant paths and wide, well-kept roads, at this time of the year a very Field of Ardath sprinkled with flowery enchantment, a nest of trim resorts each within an hour's stroll of some warm, old-fashioned village of wood and thatch, where the hospitable traditions of a century ago, with contemporary habits and dress, still prevail. The white and gold forest I should call it now, so sunny it is, and so jolly.

It will continue thus through the next two months. In the Black Forest you may keep up with the spring until July. When the lower, more forward valleys blaze with the vivid crimson of summer, the higher altitudes remain loyal to the blues and creams of a gentler season, continuing so until well into June, after which they, too, thread their raiment with the gaudier colours of summer. So to the autumn, which is probably the loveliest season of the year. It must certainly be a season of despair to the artist; for no garden out of Paradise ever bloomed more richly than these woods, where the dark fir is stained a thousand tints by the more sensitive beech, ash, chestnut, and birch; and whole slopes and plateaux run purple with heather.

Diversity is not confined to the natural conditions of wood and meadow. Towns, villages, and spas have their individual charm; and the Black Forest is found to be a great deal more populous and lively than one usually imagines. At the northern entrance you have Karlsruhe, which, I suppose, cannot truly be considered as part of the Black Forest proper. At the southern entrance, and with greater claim to kinship, is the town of Freiburg, up-to-date and prosperous, yet contriving to maintain a gracious air of the Middle Ages. And between these two cities are towns, villages, and tiny hamlets wonderfully expressive even to this day of their long and proud traditions; and set like woodcuts in a book of fairy tales.



THE SPORTIEST NINE HOLES IN GERMANY: The golf course at Freudenstadt in the Black Forest

FREUDENSTADT, the climatic resort of the Schwarzwald

As for resorts, these are tucked into every valley and perched upon half the mountain tops, diverse in pictorial aspect, background and individual character, ranging from the quiet and inexpensive little place which is ideal as a rest-cure or centre from which to walk and fish, to smart and sophisticated centres like Baden-Baden, Freudenstadt, and Wildbad, which are unsurpassed in beauty and facilities anywhere in the world and, in common with the whole of the Black Forest, have the rare attraction of genuine hospitality.

Roy Elston

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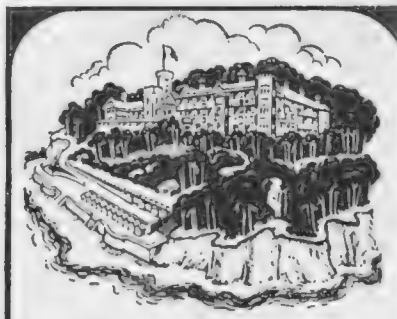

ONCE a fine old country seat, this luxurious hotel stands upon its own cliffs among ten acres of wooded grounds, which include the private bathing promenade and foreshore. The service and cuisine are famed for their excellence; the appointments all that could be desired. One of the finest squash racquets courts in England, and four tennis courts (hard and grass) are within the grounds. Five first class golf courses within easy reach. Dancing and Orchestral Music. Lift to all floors. Garage for 100 cars.

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East Coast Types

SCOTLAND

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in Aberdeenshire has one of the best natural golf courses in the United Kingdom and a first-class hotel with special facilities for golfers—a large number of bedrooms and private sitting rooms may be arranged *en suite*. Facilities for bathing and fishing.

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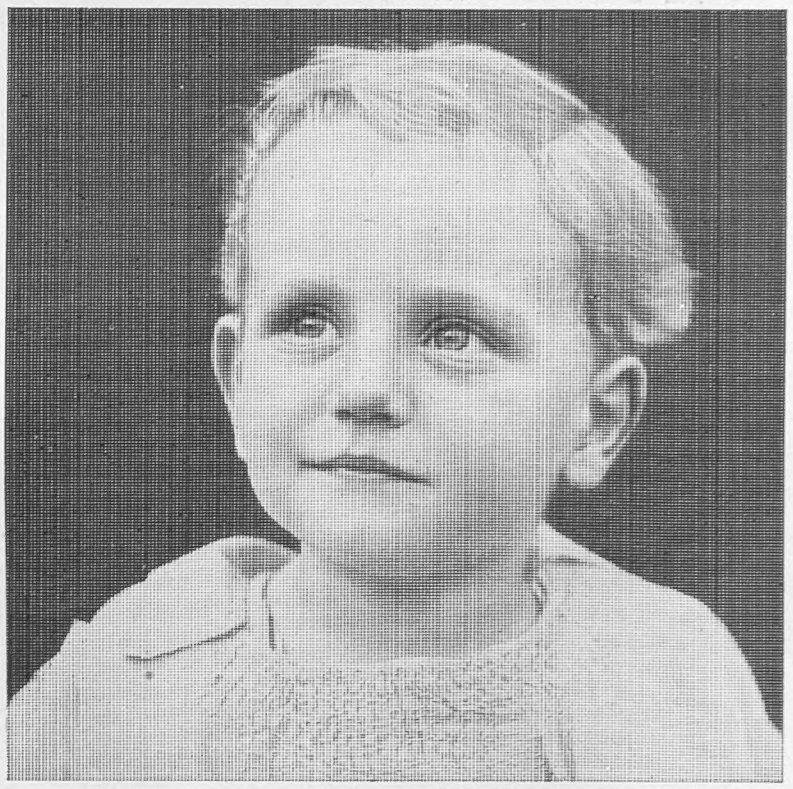
TRAVEL CHEAPLY BY L·N·E·R TO THE DRIER SIDE

Dr. BARNARDO'S HOMES



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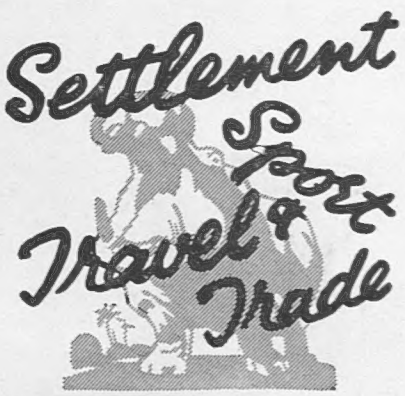
GUIDE AND ACCOMMODATION LIST free from Publicity Bureau, Town Hall, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin.



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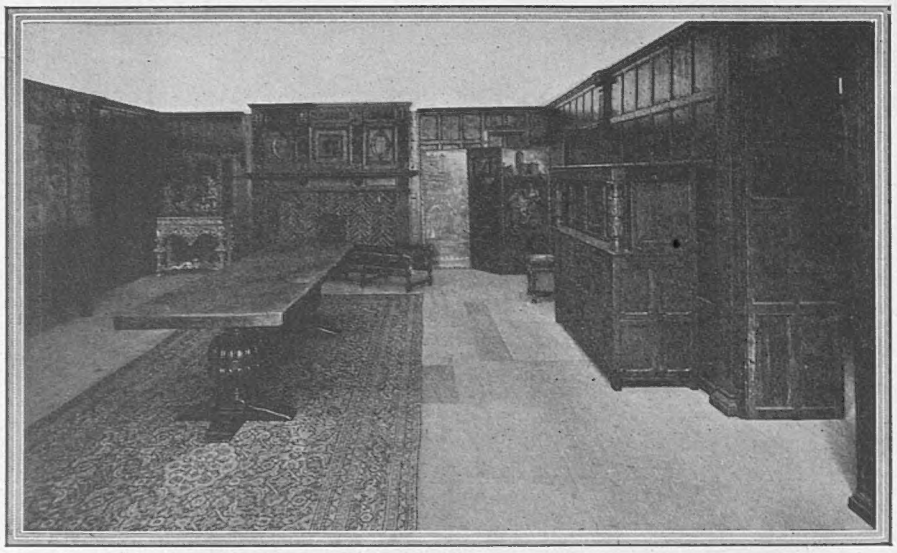
NOTES AND NEWS

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Imagine meal-time for a family of 8,291 boys and girls and babies, not just once occasionally, but three times a day and every day in the year. Think in terms of bread and butter, jam, milk, fish, meat, and think also in terms of boots and shoes by the thousand, likewise socks and stockings. This is the family supported by Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and it is the largest family in the world. They have admitted over 109,250 such children under their charter, "No destitute child ever refused admission." On an average five are admitted daily. Of their present family of 8,291 children 473 are crippled or afflicted in various ways, 1,264 are babies under five, 1,095 are under industrial and technical instruction, and 400 are in training for the sea services. Cheques drafts, and orders may be made payable, "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and addressed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18–26, Stepney Causeway, London, E. 1, England.



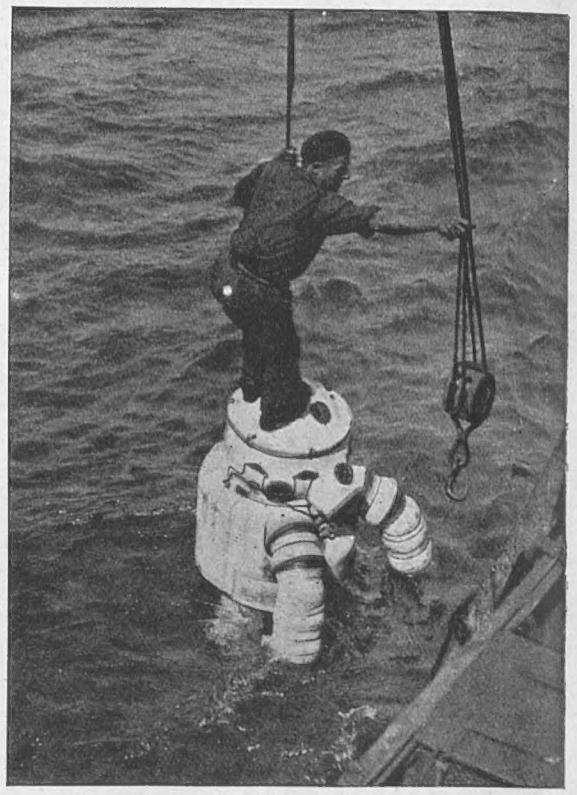
A RELIC OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY ART: A genuine Elizabethan oak-panelled room in its original state. The room is 30 ft. long by 20 ft. wide by 8 ft. high. There are five panels comprising an 8-ft. wide carved oak fireplace, eight fluted and capped pilasters, four minor doors, and one entrance door, two window openings with pilasters, and two panels deep under window board. This was formerly part of a palace at Harwich, for centuries a residence of the Dukes of Norfolk. This room—and many other genuine antiques and reproductions—are to be seen at Whiteleys', Westbourne Grove

AN EXHIBITION OF MODERN ADVERTISING

An interesting series of illustrations by some of the leading artists of the day will be shown at the "Exhibition of Modern Press and Pictorial Advertising by Shell," which will be opened at the New Burlington Galleries, 5, Burlington Gardens, W. 1, on June 17. The well-known series of Shell advertisements shown in this Exhibition has proved that display work by the best illustrators and designers when used in the Press forms the finest and most economical method of publicity open to any great national advertiser.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship are in touch with a number of employers who regularly take the Society's boys into their firms because they know they suit them. An incident recently occurred which will illustrate this. The Society sent one of their boys to interview the Manager of a Tourist Agency (without an appointment). The Manager engaged him immediately, and within three weeks telephoned to say that he could do with plenty of boys of the same kind, and at the present time three boys are working in this office and doing very well. The educational training at the Homes has something particular about it which is at least as sound as the average Secondary School. Funds are urgently needed to assist in the carrying on of this great work. Please send your gifts to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



The diving shell of the "Artiglio" coming to the surface. From "Seventy Fathoms Deep" (Faber and Faber)

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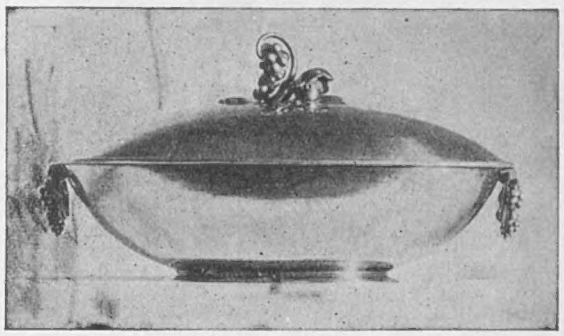

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